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**WOMEN'S
WEEKLY**

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LET'S BE REALISTIC! AUSTRALIA NEEDS

men

who are ready to defend her

Don't let us deceive ourselves! Australia's need for men is real, urgent. The threat to world peace and the security of democratic life is greater than ever, and the day must be fast approaching when every Australian will have to stand by his beliefs, and be ready to fight for them, if necessary. We just can't afford to delay our defence preparations even a day—we are, at this very moment, virtually at war in many parts of the world. Don't ever forget, we *could* be the next Korea!



women

who will face up to facts



"Unless in the next year or so we make ourselves so strong that we can resist any attack on us, Koreans will continue all over the world until they get so strong we can't stop them"—these are the words of Lieut.-General Sir Horace Robertson, and these are the *facts*. Every woman will realise the great and immediate danger threatening us . . . our homes, families, country. The contribution a woman is called upon to make is very real . . . but when your son, husband or sweetheart answers his country's call, he is showing he is ready to fight for you and Australia. The only possible way to keep Australia and all we hold dear is to be prepared, and meet aggression with strength. You, the wives, mothers, sweethearts, can take a real part. Stand behind *your* man when he decides to serve his country . . . you can be proud of him—and it's the finest service he can do for you and Australia.

. . . let's not overlook the MATERIAL ADVANTAGES of service life

For every recruit—unskilled, semi-skilled or qualified tradesman—there is the right job offering in the Services, with excellent chances of advancement, and most congenial conditions. In addition to weekly cash pay, the Services provide modern amenities and essentials. Pay is adjusted regularly to the cost of living, and married men draw special extra allowances. A pension or gratuity is drawn on retirement, and food, clothing, medical and dental care are provided free. For any man—the man in *your* family—here

is a great opportunity for him to learn a skilled trade, or advance in his own trade—and at the same time serve his country when and where he's needed most.

FIRST-HAND FACTS FROM KOREA VETERAN:

W/O W. B. Rivers, D.F.C., back from service with the R.A.A.F. in Korea, says: "Korea proved again that the trained man is the man who really counts when the fighting starts. If Australia has to face another war, we'll need every trained man we can muster. Only trained men—and plenty of them—can keep Australia safe!"





"It's a family heirloom," Marguerite told John, as he gazed at the mirror, deeply intrigued.

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

Swan Mirror

By JILLIAN SQUIRE

THIS morning, John Mowbray decided, he would fire his typist. Nothing to get worried about, a man should be able to sack his typist without turning a hair, if the matter was in the interests of his business.

The traffic light turned green and he drove on smoothly. There was no need for unpleasantness, he told himself, simply tell the lass you had no further need of her services. No reason—that quelled any talk of "wrongful dismissal"—just state the fact and give her notice.

And then, he reflected, since John was not a hard man, he would grant her a generous leaving allowance, and further soften the blow by reminding her that she would find no difficulty in obtaining another post—people were desperate for good stenographers these days.

Threading his way through the traffic he frowned a little. No, he wouldn't say a good stenographer, though Marguerite Traill was an excellent one. Obviously then she would wonder why she was being fired. Might even suspect the truth.

Unnaturally he wondered whether already she had suspected. Once she had caught him looking at her and had turned

away with a faint smile touching those beautifully curving lips, before he hastily lowered his eyes and cracked out some instruction to her. Well, with the efficiency that was so evident in all his dealings, John could deal with this little crisis, and evenly.

The whole thing was ridiculous; an untenable situation, thought John, who liked to have everything correctly pigeon-holed. Here he was, a man of thirty-eight, manager of one of the largest motor importing firms in town, falling in love; that is—he corrected himself—in danger of falling in love—with his typist.

It was not as though he lacked experience. For years, since an early and unhappy love affair, he had treasured his bachelor state, evading the husband-hunters with an easy charm and gallantry that left them wondering just where their carefully laid plans had failed, seeing that the man himself was seemingly so beglamed.

Even here in the firm, several of Miss Traill's predecessors had been forced to resign on his account, one because her emotions could no longer stand the strain of her unrequited

passion, and two, because John himself had become bored with their attempts to beguile him.

And just as they had had to go, so Marguerite Traill should go, though in all honesty he had to admit that Miss Traill had never so much as flickered a flirtatious eyelash his way, nor even offered him a reasonably friendly smile.

But John could be ruthless with himself as with others. If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out, he thought hardily, and gave old Shakespeare full credit for knowing his stuff. But immediately came the thought that perhaps it wasn't Shakespeare. He had never felt so sure of his literature since he had quoted the bard in his staff address, only to have Miss Traill murmur "Ecclesiastes" over his shoulder.

Miss Traill was already at her desk when he entered his office. She was looking at something in a flat box which she hurriedly replaced in her desk drawer as he spoke.

"Good morning, Miss Traill." He was aware of the Judas heartiness in his voice.

She greeted him quietly. John saw with embarrassment that her lovely eyes were reddened, as though she had been weeping.

Surely she couldn't have had an inkling. He had told no one of his decision. No, something in her private life had caused her tears. Of course, he realised with a sharp stab of shock, a beautiful girl like Miss Traill would have an eventful private life. Admirers, he felt, would be legion. Wolves, too, he surmised darkly, with another of those feelings of intense irritation.

Now that she was to be banished from his life he could admit that Marguerite Traill was unquestionably beautiful. An Irish rose, he thought, in a flight of fancy foreign to him. Her shining dark hair framed an exquisitely fair-skinned face, while the sooty eyelashes fringed eyes of gentian blue. Rather mocking eyes they had seemed lately, but then—

He cleared his throat. "Miss Traill, there was something I wanted to discuss with you."

She came to his desk, her eyes questioning. No need to rush things, he thought hastily. "Er—about the Melbourne order—"

They discussed it. She took a letter and then waited while he answered the house-phone.

"I wondered whether I might have two weeks' leave, Mr. Mowbray. I have a doctor's certificate."

Please turn to page 4

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NAPRO HAIR VITALIZER FOR MEN

Swan Mirror

Continued from page 3

NOW was the time to tell her, before she told her tale of woe. Yet somehow John heard himself saying, "Nothing serious, I hope, Miss Traill?"

"A throat operation. Only tonsils." But her airiness wasn't quite convincing.

"I'm frightfully sorry," he said, and felt pleased that he hadn't yet given her notice. Once she was safely over it all—then he would tell her.

Just before lunch-time he passed her desk. The box he had seen earlier was lying on it. He noticed it was of fine dark green leather with corners of wrought silver. Marguerite Traill caught his glance and smiled. "It's very old—in fact, it's a family heirloom," she said, opening the box.

Inside the box was chamois lined and braided with faded green cord. Its recessed base held a hand-mirror set in burnished silver. A pattern of dainty leaves, fairylike in their fragility, framed the glass. They rose to an exquisitely fashioned swan.

"It's beautiful!" He looked at Miss Traill. She was smiling down at the mirror.

"Isn't it? It was my great-grandmother's. They say it once belonged to the Princess Sophia of Hungary." She shut the case and wrapped it in brown paper.

He walked with her to the door. "Er—which hospital are you going to?" He strove to make his voice sound casual.

"The General. My own doctor suggested it."

On a cold rippling of disquiet he thought of her in one of the huge impersonal wards.

That afternoon he was away at a conference. By the time he got back to the office it was late and Miss Traill had gone. He told himself it didn't matter—that he had only wanted to wish her luck. But in spite of himself he found he mentioned her to one of the junior girls.

"Miss Traill having her operation on Monday?"

"No, Mr. Mowbray. She goes in on Monday evening and the operation is on Tuesday morning."

The week-end dragged by. The dinner-party and night-club he attended on the Saturday seemed flat, the men too dull and overfed, the women too bright and, if not underfed, well—you could only say they looked that way.

Not that he preferred fat women. Pity forbid. But look at Marguerite Traill, for instance. As the thought came he realised how much he would like to look at her. Her figure was gently slim, her face serene—so different from these lithe, taut-bodied females with their feverish "Lady be gay" smiles that somehow forgot their calculating eyes.

"Snap out of it!" Lon Benson clapped him on the shoulder and laughed. "Believe ole

Johnnie's in love!" He patted the cheek of John's partner.

On Sunday, at a loose end for once, he did his kindly uncle act and took his sister's children for a drive. As they joined the clamor and surge of the bridge traffic he remembered Marguerite Traill lived on the North Shore—she'd mentioned the ferries. But he didn't know where. He felt irritated again. The wretched girl was haunting him. He threw himself into animated conversation with the eight-year-old twins.

"It's Mummy's birthday to-morrow," Jacqueline said. "We've got a wonderful present."

He'd clean forgotten Marion's birthday. Lucky the children had mentioned it. He'd get something from the antique shop. Marion was crazy about antiques. He'd send Miss Traill. No, darn it, she wouldn't be there. He'd have to go himself.

"What did you get—an 'ornulament'?" He remembered their effort for Marion's last birthday.

Jacqueline giggled. "Guess."

"It's a animal!" Roger volunteered.

"Not another!" John's thoughts flew to last year's highly glazed orange china dog.

"Alive!" The children shrieked with laughter. "A guinea-pig—we got it from the baker's boy."

JOHN tried to imagine Marion with a guinea-pig and failed. He laughed. "That's a pretty fine present," he said.

He presented himself the next evening with his own gift—a tiny lapis lazuli figurine. Marion was thrilled. He listened to her tale of the agonising arrival of the children's present into her bed that morning.

"They put it on my pillow!" she shuddered. But John's eyes were on the flat green leather box that lay on the coffee table. "My birthday gift from Eric," she told him. "Isn't it wonderful?"

It was the Swan Mirror.

He picked it up and examined it. "There wouldn't be two of these?" he asked doubtfully. Though it must be the one Marguerite Traill had shown him. It was identical.

"Of course not." Marion pretended to be affronted. "It's a signed piece. It belonged to Sophia of Hungary. Why?"

"I thought—" he checked himself. "No, I thought I had seen one, but I remember now, it was different."

There was some mystery here, he thought as he drove away. If Marguerite Traill loved the mirror as much as she seemed to, why would she part with it? Uncasily he

wondered whether it had something to do with the operation—that she had had to sell it to defray expenses.

All the way home he thought about her. He would stop at the florist and have some flowers sent. Just from the firm, of course, nothing personal. Merely a friendly gesture. And to-morrow he would ring the hospital and inquire. No need to give a name; he was simply interested to hear how one of his staff was getting on.

"Red roses," he told the florist, who nodded understandingly. At his look John hurriedly changed the order to carnations. No, of course, red roses had a significance he hadn't intended. Red roses for love. Not for Marguerite Traill, who was merely a chap's stenographer and who soon wouldn't even be that.

At midday next day he rang the hospital. He was sorry, the operator told him, but there was no patient of that name in the hospital.

John called one of the typists into his office to take some letters. He asked for news of Miss Traill. Nobody had heard, the girl said. Someone had rung the hospital, but she wasn't there.

"Perhaps she changed her mind and went to another," John suggested.

Miss Wilson didn't think so. Her manner implied that Miss Traill had been drawing the red herring usually associated with her name.

"Nonsense!" John said angrily. "She said she had to have the operation."

"Yes," Miss Wilson agreed, and her small eyes gleamed spitefully. "She said so."

"Then of course she has!" But he wondered whether Miss Traill had been misleading him, after all. Somehow he couldn't believe it of her. Still—Suddenly he made up his mind. He would telephone every hospital in Sydney. If she was in one, he would find her.

It took a long time, but finally he established the fact that Miss Marguerite Traill was not in any hospital, public or private, in Sydney.

Reluctantly he admitted the possibility of Miss Wilson's implications being true. But Miss Traill's eyes has been reddened and her voice had been anything but happy when she had talked of the operation. And yet—

An awful thought cut across like a thin knife. What if she had died, before she ever got to hospital? Heedless any longer of what the staff might think, next morning he asked for the staff address list. Miss Wilson brought it, still with the malicious look on her pinched face. "It isn't right up-to-date, Mr. Mowbray. For instance," her voice was studiously casual, "some, like Miss Traill, have changed their address."

Please turn to page 31

Did you **PROTEX** yourself this morning?



I ENJOY THE CLEAN BUSHLAND FRAGRANCE



PROTEX IS MY CHOICE AS A DEODORANT COMPLEXION SOAP



BOY-PROTEX MAKES YOU FEEL GOOD

Stay as fresh as a breeze with Protex, the deodorant Complexion Soap with the clean bushland fragrance. Protex is medicated to guard against offending, and infection. Protex is the soap for all the family.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By GUS



Sea Trap

JOHN MARTIN stood on a coral formation thirty-five feet beneath the surface and found that he could just reach the port railing of the sunken lugger. He valved air into his suit for buoyancy and lifted himself to the deck without effort. He started to ask Martha, then, to take in the slack of air hose and life line, but the small hand winch on the Sealing was stiff and hard to handle. Chances were he'd need the slack again in a few moments, anyway.

He squinted up the slightly canted deck towards the bow. The water was murky, but beneath the floating, purple shadows of surface movement the way forward seemed clear of obstructions. He pulled his lines carefully free of the coral, started cautiously up the sloping deck. He'd rounded the bow in his search for easy access to the deck, and the bottom there had been sandy and free of coral. He'd toss the lines off the starboard side for safety's sake and—

"John, have you found any treasure down there? Are you holding out on me?" Martha was obviously enjoying herself.

"Only a chest of Spanish doubloons, sweetheart. I'm afraid we've wasted—"

The slanted deck shifted suddenly to starboard, throwing him sideways, off balance. He twisted awkwardly, trying to regain his footing. But the new starboard pitch was too steep, and the deck was still moving. He stumbled over a rotten timber on the raised cabin and sprawled forward.

If there'd been a starboard rail he might have caught it and held on. But the crash that had sent the little lugger to the bottom three years ago had torn away the forward section of the starboard bulkhead, and there was nothing to check his stumbling, headlong dive.

Awkward and off balance in his heavy suit, he felt the deck shift again, more violently, as he reached its edge. Panic took him then, and he thrust violently, trying blindly to shove himself clear. Then he was falling free, and the twisted water-shadow of the rolling hull seemed just above him.

Up above, in the cockpit of the Sealing, not thirty-five feet away, Martha's voice became anxious. "John, are you all right?" she asked.

He landed without shock on a stretch of sandy bottom, which was fortunately free of the coral formations up which he had climbed to deck level on the port side. He tried to push himself to hands and knees, fighting to scramble clear. But the water at this depth was a wall against his haste.

"John, are you all right?" Martha asked again.

His weighted boots were held fast in the shifting sands. He shoved hard, pulling at the bottom with his gloved hands. Then a surge of the darker waters behind him pushed him forward, and the lugger's ragged deck edge brushed his right foot as she settled gently on her side.

"I'm right, Martha," John Martin tried to steady his breathing. He came to his knees, twisted awkwardly, began to dig frantically at the spot where his air hose disappeared in the sand beneath the lugger's canted deck.

He stopped almost immediately. He could still hear the reassuring chug of the compressor up in the Sealing's cockpit, and air was still flowing into his suit through the intake valve. The hose, then, lying in the loose sand beneath the lugger's hull, had not been squeezed off.

But he had dug enough in those seconds of panic to know that both the hose and his life line were not merely caught in a loop beneath the deck edge. They seemed to run straight back towards the ship's keel. Bracing himself carefully, he gave a tentative tug at the short length of free hose. The

hiss at the intake valve lessened noticeably. Alarmed, he let go of the hose, and the air flowed freely again.

Martha called again, worried, and he reassured her. The hose, which slid so easily beneath the hull, must be caught farther back on some projection. It might be a sea-smooth rock on the ocean floor, but it could just as likely be a splintered plank protruding from the hole in the ship's side or a jagged piece of coral. He could feel the sweat on his forehead.

Whether the line was caught on something round or sharp, it was obviously kinked in such a way that any further pulling on it would very likely shut off his air.

"John?" The voice from above sounded a little frightened. "Are you coming up soon?"

"Just a few more minutes, Martha."

How on earth, John wondered, do you tell the girl you love that you're probably not coming up at all?

He began to dig again, carefully now, beneath the hull. But he knew that the care he was taking, the action itself, was only an attempt to avoid the final awful admission that his situation was hopeless. He wondered why, in the first enthusiasm of his discharge from the Navy, he'd decided to take up diving as a career, regretted the romantic decision to keep his gear when, a month later, he'd taken the job at the university.

If he hadn't owned the suit and the compressor, he'd never have got the crazy notion to explore the wreck they'd discovered one day when he and Martha had been calmed on an ocean millpond—still, with the water crystal clear and the sun straight overhead.

But from the time of their first meeting, Martha, a graduate assistant in the chemistry lab, had been fascinated by his tales of salvage diving. As they'd come to know each other better, she'd learned of the equipment he still owned. And one night he had promised that some day he would bring the suit and compressor aboard the Sealing and show her how it was done.

John stopped digging and crouched on his haunches close beside the wreck. Eighteen or twenty inches was as far as he could reach beneath the hull without lowering his head so far that the air from the intake valve, instead of rising into his helmet, would balloon the looser portions of his suit.

He'd known that before he started digging, but there'd still been in him then the dregs of his first sharp panic. He'd had to try something—anything—no matter how hopeless the effort.

Sweat was soaking him, and his face-plate had logged over with condensation. The air against his face felt steamy. But the quick fatigue that comes with too much effort under pressure seemed to have dulled the edge of his fear. For the first time he was able to face his situation and accept its finality.

He began to consider how best to tell Martha of his plight. But there was, of course, no "best" way to break such news. He'd simply have to tell her that there was no way of his getting back to the surface alive.

"Watch the compressor," he'd tell her. "A few minutes after it stops running for lack of fuel, you'll know I'm dead. Then you might as well weigh anchor and head for home. . . . And I hope you handle the sails better than you did in that breeze this morning!"

Please turn to page 40

He heard Martha's voice, "John, are you all right?" Then, straining desperately, he felt himself falling.



ILLUSTRATED BY

HERMAN SE



From Sunrise to Moonset . . .

You're Lovelier with

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Dress your lips in the glamorous colour of Michel "Super-Indelible" Lipstick, First Favourite of Australian Women because it "Stays on Longer". The exclusive formula of Michel contains an indelible base which cannot harm the tenderest skin yet gives tempting lip lustre and prevents dryness. Michel "Super-Indelible" Lipstick won't smear or run . . . it is a *firmer* lipstick designed especially for the Australian Climate.

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for most attractive matt finish
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of dream-texture fineness, blends
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Cyclamen, Pink Spice, Raspberry.



MICHEL MASCARA
in Black or Brown to suit all colourings, gives
brilliance to your eyes, character to brow and lashes.

I'm Here Beside You

By DOROTHY BLACK

ILLUSTRATED BY TOMPSON



Things had gone against them for so long that this time Anne was determined it would be different.

CELESTINE—her real name was Anne, but everyone at Camille's had French names given to them—stood back and watched the fitter mould the orchid-colored satin round Mrs. Claybourn's hips.

Mrs. Claybourn was very well preserved. Her hair was so beautifully touched up that she was convinced not a soul knew that, if left alone, it would have been a neat grey. I don't look my age, she congratulated herself. All the same, if she did not hold herself carefully, there was an ugly bulge above her girdle, and her hips had widened. But not nearly as much as that fool of a fitter made it appear.

"Not like that!" snapped Mrs. Claybourn impatiently.

"Yes, Amabel," said Anne-Celestine. "Madame is right. You could ease it a little there, I think."

She spoke with a vaguely French accent when she remembered. Half her day was spent trying to keep the peace between Mademoiselle Amabel and the customers, which wasn't easy because Amabel really was French, and temperamental.

Mrs. Claybourn looked at herself from this angle and that, in the winged mirrors. Suddenly she felt restless and angry. The pleasure was gone out of the day and she wasn't sure any more that she wanted the orchid satin model.

She couldn't very well tell them, after giving them all this trouble, and keeping them half the afternoon. She hadn't the face. I'll telephone, she thought, and cancel the order.

She began, in her mind, to arrange what she would say. A sudden bereavement . . . No, that would make them expect her to buy a black frock. Called out of town unexpectedly? No, the best thing would be to say quite simply, I've changed my mind. I'll come in an-

other day later on, and choose something else. That didn't tie you.

"This pin moved, perhaps," said Anne-Celestine, winking at Amabel to keep her in a good temper and show she was on her side. "There you are, madame. Like a glove. Now, for length."

Amabel rambled round on her knees some more. She must have crawled miles every day, round other women's hemlines.

"Why do our customers all have too much heep?" she moaned after Mrs. Claybourn had departed.

"You've reached the hip age before you can afford Camille's prices," said Anne-Celestine. She coveted the white pleated chiffon madly, but she hadn't a chance. "Never mind. You were wonderful with her. I badly wanted that sale to go through. I need the commission."

Amabel eyed her with a shrewd French eye.

"No trouble, I hope?"

"Oh, nothing out of the ordinary," said Anne-Celestine brightly. You didn't talk about your affairs, unless you had something to boast about. People had troubles enough of their own.

The showroom door opened. A small, slender figure came in, almost apologetically. She was so slim, had such young eyes, and was so fashionably dressed, that at first you didn't notice how incredibly antique she was.

Seventy? Eighty? No one could be sure. She wore a beautiful golden wig, with curls that hung over her collar, giving an impression of fancy dress.

Lady Bandfort! If I hadn't been landed with Mrs. Claybourn I might have got her! thought Anne-Celestine.

They took the clients in rotation. Lady Bandfort was a little goldmine. The clothes she bought (and paid

for) ran into hundreds a year. She had something new nearly every week.

Lady Bandfort was an oddity, but everyone liked her. She was a sort of lucky-dip. Everyone hoped they might draw her in the day's work, for the commission from sales was worth having.

Anne-Celestine watched her borne off triumphantly by Suzette (her real name was Sallie). Sitting down on one of the gilt chairs in the alcove, she began to make up her commission account on the back of an old envelope.

If Mrs. Claybourn paid promptly for the orchid satin and the silver taffeta cocktail dress, she would draw her commission on the deal before the holidays. Thirty pounds! Never had she needed the money as she did now.

She shut her eyes, and saw again Jon's white face the night he had walked to meet her with the bad news. He had lost his job.

JON had explained gravely, "It has nothing to do with my work. They impressed that on me. It's all this cutting down. Someone had to go, and I stand more chance of dropping into something else than an older man. That's how they look at it, and, of course, it's quite right."

The trouble was, he hadn't dropped into anything, because his health was not good enough to take the kinds of jobs offering.

He had a white, pinched look about his nostrils that meant he was worrying himself sick, and there was nothing Anne could do about it.

"When we married," Jon said bitterly, "you were going on working for only a little while—a month or two. Then we were going to have a baby! Poor brat hasn't much chance

of a look-in, has he? You're going to have to work indefinitely, to support a husband, as far as I can see!"

She kissed him. A dozen times she tried to comfort him, tried to laugh.

"I couldn't leave Camille at the moment, anyway. Don't be silly, Jon. All this is just temporary. What does it matter who makes the money as long as there is some?"

"Written to cancel those rooms yet?" he asked.

She hadn't, nor did she intend to. Never had he needed a holiday more. They had booked rooms in a cottage by the sea, in Dorset. Her commission, including Mrs. Claybourn's two dresses, would pay for it. Long, lazy days on the sands. Evening walks on the moonlit beach. It looked like a frightful extravagance, in present circumstances, but she knew it wasn't. It was an investment.

The telephone rang.

It was Mrs. Claybourn.

"For you, dear!" Suzette called.

Anne-Celestine went back into the showroom, feeling sick with anger and disappointment. Mrs. Claybourn had wasted her entire afternoon, had prevented her getting another customer, and now she telephoned that she did not want the satin dress. On second thoughts, she did not think it was quite her.

Anne-Celestine sat hidden in the alcove, furiously scratching out the optimistic sums of the earlier afternoon, trying to keep back the angry tears. The two mannequins had gone. The sales ladies departed in twos and threes—Alice, the button girl, Mr. Cohen, the tailor they called Monsieur Charles because it sounded better, went by, one after the other. The showroom was empty, the long day done.

Stunned, Jon stood holding the diamond pin, staring down at his still sleeping wife.

There was nothing to be gained by brooding. Life was full of these disappointments. She had looked forward to telling Jon they were going for a holiday, but they were not going for a holiday, and that was that. She fought against a bitter hatred for Mrs. Claybourn. That, too, was useless. A waste of energy.

The telephone rang again.

Just for one senseless minute Anne-Celestine hoped it was Mrs. Claybourn ringing to say she had changed her mind again. Sheer nonsense, for Mrs. Claybourn knew they closed at five. It was Lady Bandfort's rather vague voice on the line.

"Is that Camille? Oh, I'm so glad, dear. Yes, listen, I think I left my diamond clip in the fitting-room. So stupid of me, but you know what I am. No memory. I remember sticking it on the arm of the chair. At least, I think that's what I remember doing. Yes, I'll hold on while you look."

"Oh, dear! Not there!" said Lady Bandfort a few minutes later. "Well, never mind. Don't worry. I may find it yet. Good-night, dear, and thanks."

Click went the telephone. Anne-Celestine stood, feeling rooted to the spot. In the big looking-glass over the desk she could see herself, very white with shadowed eyes and, lying in the palm of her hand, Lady Bandfort's handsome diamond and sapphire clip.

All Anne had thought of was that now Jon would get his holiday. She had heard her own voice, cool and calm, speaking over the telephone. It wasn't until silence fell again in the empty room that she turned sick and cold at what she had just done.

Please turn to page 42

RED CENTRE

Dramatic new mystery serial

which had recently appointed him to the staff.

He fingered his beard as the stationmaster went away and started a buzz and a muffled tinkling of bells in his office. Martin's razor had been tucked away in the swag for a week now without being used.

It was a good beard for a week's growth, but now, dumped and deserted by the two old roughnecks who had worn him down by example, he wanted it off.

He dropped his swag on a bench and sat down beside it and looked around. The sun then was like a big Spanish doubleloon standing on its edge on the tyre of the waggon wheel. It was so big and so close he could see it sliding down.

To the east and west ran the tracks of the trans-continental, joining the Pacific on the eastern seaboard and the Indian Ocean on the west coast. That was quite a stretch of railway, and the section on which he now found himself, he remembered, was the longest length of straight track in the world.

The water-stop had two loops, and the centre set was for sidetracking passing trains. On the outer set stood some trucks of coal and a string of water tanks.

Farther up was a servicing shed for locomotives with an ash-pit and an artesian bore and a set-up which he recognised as a treatment plant in which magnesia and salt were extracted from bore water by soda ash and finely ground limestone, making it suitable for locomotive use.

He studied it reflectively. Artesian bores were linked with his interest in speleology, the study of caves. The water in them rose and fell with the displacement of water in subterranean rivers caused by the movement of the earth.

One hundred feet below the surface he had gone for a thousand-foot cruise in his boat along one of these rivers with a torch flaring in the bow, showing up the delicate and amazing beauty of stalactites and stalagmites of limestone caves.

He had left the boat in one of the caves in case somebody who happened along might like the same thrilling experience.

Steve and Bill hadn't, and as he took out his pipe and filled it he smiled. They had been a little awed with his description of the ride, and you were getting somewhere when you impressed that pair.

Martin turned his head in time to see the top of the sun slip below the rim of the desert, leaving pastel shades half-way up the cloudless sky. The glaring white of the row of railway workers' cottages back a bit from the tracks immediately became a soft pinkish cream.

He got up, went round to the back of the station building and looked across to the south-east. The specks out there were Steve and Bill and the camels; and, although the horizon seemed just as close, they still had a long way to go.

Martin tore a match out of a book,

lit his pipe and went back to the bench. There was the stationmaster looking as if he had accomplished something. "I've got you fixed for the passenger train," he said. "There's a man getting off a little way up the track to-night and you can have his bunk to-morrow. Okay?"

"Okay," Martin said, relieved. "Thanks a lot."

The stationmaster said, "You can do so to-night in the observation car and to-morrow morning you can go into the compartment." He looked Martin over with the first sign of interest. "You in from one of the cattle stations south?"

"I've been out with Steve Bock," Martin explained. He had found that everybody knew Steve Bock and his partner. "One of the camels went lame. Steve just dropped me off on his way to a station to pick up fresh animals."

The stationmaster nodded, losing interest. He started down the track.

"There's a stock train due in ahead of the passenger," he observed a moment later. "Been a lot of stock trains through lately. They're busy moving sheep from the West to South Australia. They lost a lot of sheep in S.A. in the last drought."

Martin lowered himself on to the bench. The stationmaster sat down too.

By FRANK NUNN

"It was a tough drought," Martin said.

"Certainly was. But the way they're shipping the sheep through here they'll soon have plenty again. They tell me they don't lose money on the track either. They've got a system and they don't stop on the desert to water them like you'd think."

Noting Martin's interest, the stationmaster continued, "The sheep don't get water for two days, and when they get to the other end they feed them first. That's so they can't drink a lot of water and kill themselves. Smart, ain't it?"

The quick dusk had fallen on the desert and the horizon was creeping in and there was no noise. It was peaceful and time was limitless, like the desert. It was the time for man to yarn if he felt disposed.

A faint breeze had sprung up from the south. It was cool. The sun and the heat which had raised mirages on the desert a while back, those incredibly blue lakes with incredibly red beaches, were now a memory of another land.

Blue bush and grey salt bush were swallowed up in the cool darkness. Over in the south-east Steve would be making camp.

The stationmaster started to gossip.

"There was a heck of a drought two-three years back in the north," he said. "That might sound funny, but it does rain up there and pretty heavily at times. But this year there was no rain and the rabbits came down here in millions. I ain't stretching when I say millions, either."

He went on, "You'd look out across the desert and the whole place was squirming and where it was still there'd be a carpet of rabbit-skin. They came

down to the tracks and around the cottages and there they'd stay and die. The track was just about covered with carcasses. Nobody wanted to go shooting rabbits for a long time after that."

Martin said, grinning, "A drought like that doesn't stop rabbits multiplying. They're thick enough up a bit now."

The stationmaster nodded. "You're right, and I like a bit of shooting, but I still won't go shooting rabbits and if they came down again like they did last year I'd get out fast."

"You're safe. It's been raining up there."

"It's been raining everywhere," the stationmaster said. "They had twenty inches up the track last week and it's raining at Cook right now. Bound to cause some washaways too." He considered Martin.

"Maybe," he suggested, "you'll be hung up at Cook. It often happens that a train gets hung up at Cook for three-four days when it rains out here."

"Why does it have to be Cook?" Martin asked idly.

"Well, that's because of the lay of the land. You see, the water comes down and collects in a depression which the track crosses west of the station and limestone base holds it right there until evaporation cleans it up."

He paused, then stated impressively, "Boys make canoes and paddle on it, and that's something you don't expect to see in the desert."

Martin thought about his river cruise in the Centre but he said, "Maybe it won't be as bad as that."

"There'll be plenty for the rabbits anyway. It'll keep the rabbits away from this section this year and maybe next year there won't be many left."

Martin looked across at him questioningly. The change in the stationmaster's voice suggested something fateful.

"Why is that?" he asked.

"It's because of that rocket range they're putting down across the Centre," the stationmaster said darkly. "Those rocket bombs they're testing won't leave much of anything in the Dead Heart once they start shooting."

Martin smiled. Steve and Bill had said the same and so had many others he had met. The natives only vaguely comprehended the matter, but were merely curious and not uneasy. He said now, "But the rockets won't have any warheads."

Politely: "Warheads?"

"They won't explode."

"Ah— Well, I wouldn't like to be under them as they go over. If they fell out of the sky you wouldn't know what hit you. And they tell me they'll be firing them clear across Australia, beyond Broome out into the Indian Ocean. I wouldn't like to live in the path of them."

Please turn to page 44

Dawn was attractive, unusual. She fascinated Martin, just as this whole strange, intriguing region did.



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Tablets

Editorial

Vol. 19, No. 41

March 12, 1952

**WOMEN ON
THE LAND**

SUGGESTION advocated by Mr. Jeff Bate, M.H.R., for a Women's Land Army to relieve the shortage of labor in rural districts has had its knockers.

They object that few women would volunteer for farm work and that these few couldn't substantially improve the position.

They say that girls would scorn the idea of packing up their jobs in shops, and mills, and offices to go down on the farm.

To an extent the critics are justified.

Country life isn't every woman's cup of tea. Women notoriously look for romance—and there's no romance in a dairy at 5 a.m. The important feminine city pursuit of a new hairdo and a manicure seems a wild-goose chase in the bush.

Yet thousands of city girls would enjoy 12 months in the country, regarding it as hard work, but something of an adventure, too—and one that might lead to a home and a husband.

If a depot were established for Women's Land Army recruits, Mr. Bate's critics might be surprised at the large numbers interested.

Under no circumstances, of course, should they be regarded as cheap labor.

Their work would not be a final and permanent solution of the problem of getting enough food on Australian tables.

But if they did a job comparable with their splendid wartime effort, it would be a material help indeed.

OUR COVER

... is a handsome brunette to add to your gallery of girls. Sitting in a sunlit field she's the embodiment of carefree leisure. She is also a reminder that, although mauve isn't easy to wear, it's a pretty color on a pretty girl.

This week:

● Turn to pages 12 and 13 for this week's big news—the announcement of the prize-winners in our £5000 Quiz Contest.

● First instalment of our new series "The Red Centre" begins on pages 8 and 9. It's by Frank Nunn, Australian newspaperman, whose first short story we published in December, 1942. Fifteen months later we used his first serial, "Wings to Beat." "The Red Centre" is the ninth serial of his to be published in Australian national magazines and metropolitan dailies.

Frank Nunn has lived in nearly every State and thinks Tasmania, where he now lives, the most charming of all. He says that there is nothing to equal the hedges of dog-rose, hawthorn, and blackberry which divide its fields or the panorama of distant snow-capped mountains he has from his house.

● The real name of Jillian Squint, author of "Swan Mirror," the short story on page 3, is Joyce Thom. She is a New Zealander, the wife of a tobacco manufacturing executive and the daughter of a retired sea captain who, she tells us, writes salty stories. She began writing only two years ago in order to earn a trip to Australia, did so well she achieved the trip by the end of 1950. She has three children, snatches what time she can spare to write. So far her tally is 48 short stories and articles published.

Next week:

● Our special knitting issue features the Sara Quads wearing complete knitted sets for two-year-olds. The Quads will be two in August. Teenagers will find plenty to interest them in the knitting section. There's a three-piece set of hat, gloves, and sleeveless cardigan, a high-necked sweater with a special appeal to the young, and an evening jacket which should solve the evening wrap problem for many girls whether in or out of their terms.

BOOK REVIEW

By AINSLIE BAKER

WORLD AND PARADISE
THE SEASON OF THE
STRANGER

THOSE with a taste for the historical novel about political intrigue, armies on the march, lavish banquets, and aristocratic schemers will be well pleased with "World and Paradise," by Edgar Maass.

The novel begins in the year 1629, the 11th year of the Thirty Years War, when under the banner of the mighty Prince Wallenstein the armies of the Catholic Houses of Hapsburg are surging across Bohemia.

Against the rich tapestry of ancient warfare's plumes and standards is unfolded the strange love story of Count Karl von Harrach, a member of one of Austria's oldest titled families, and the beautiful Protestant lay sister Rosanna.

Cut off from Wallenstein, lost, wounded, and delirious, in the fading light of a snowy afternoon Karl stumbles into a quiet valley the fighting has by-passed.

He awakes to find himself in the care of a religious community of Moravian Brethren, with a beautiful girl, ill-suited by the plain grey dress of a lay sister, sitting at his side.

She is Rosanna, who had only looked at her reflection in

the river, because by the rules of the community to look at herself in a mirror would be sin.

Before Karl is well enough to leave the Brethren Rosanna has gone.

Before she and Karl are finally reunited, Rosanna, as the wife of the diplomat Chevalier de Poiran, is to sit at the highest tables in the land and take precedence over many a great lady.

The story of the lovers is played out amid a wealth of plot and counterplot, betrayal and turbulent warfare.

In action and number of characters Mr. Maass has catered generously for his admirers.

"World and Paradise" is published by Shakespeare Head Press. Our copy from Craftsman Bookshop.

The Australian Women's Weekly

HEAD OFFICE: 188 Castlereagh Street, Sydney. Letters: Box 4088W, G.P.O.
MELBOURNE OFFICE: Newspaper House, 247 Collins Street, Melbourne. Letters: Box 188C, G.P.O.
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PERTH OFFICE: 40 Stirling Street, Perth. Letters: Box 481G, G.P.O.
TASMANIA: Letters to Sydney address.

A YOUNG American, Stephen Becker, has at the age of 23, written a first novel full of promise.

It is "The Season of the Stranger," a story that presents the East-meets-West theme as an understated tragedy acted out during the tense days of waiting before Peiping falls to the Reds.

The author takes as his central characters Andrew Gard, a young American professor at Peiping University, and Li-ling, a former gay student and the estranged daughter of one of the more corrupt Kuomintang officials.

The breaking up of an affair that the lovers imagine can be of no possible concern to anyone but themselves becomes an urgent political necessity to the University faculty, the nervous Nationalist troops, and Li-ling's father.

Readers will find much to interest them in the clear picture the author gives of the customs, philosophy, and thought processes of a Chinese student body subjected to extreme national tension.

"The Season of the Stranger" is published by Hamish Hamilton. Our copy from Grahame Book Company.

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£5000 QUIZ RESULTS

Judging a long, difficult task

The judges spent three months sifting the thousands of entries meticulously before selecting the prizewinners in our popular £5000 Quiz Contest.

Winners of the £1000 first prizes in the three sections are:—

HOMEMAKER QUIZ: Mrs. Roy Jenkyns, 40 Fairfax Road, Bellevue Hill, Sydney.

ROMANCE QUIZ: Mrs. Hewling Luson, Dumbarton, 62 Napier St., Essendon, Vic.

OFFICE QUIZ: Miss Miriel Payne, 24 Julinda Terrace, Lower Mitcham, S.A.

Prizewinning answers in all three sections of the Quiz Contest will be published in subsequent issues. A full prize list appears on the opposite page.

HOMEMAKER

"As a housewife and mother," Mrs. Roy Jenkyns, winner of the first prize of £1000 in this section, said, "I shall put the winnings into the family exchequer."

"BUT I would love to spend the money on a trip to the south of France."

Mrs. Jenkyns gave all her spare time for a week to her entry.

"The fashion sketches I added to my answer to Question 2 took me until one o'clock one morning," she said. "I hadn't done any drawing since my university days, when I drew flowers and plants in studying botany."

Her two daughters, 13-year-old Mary Rose and 9-year-old Starr, had lots of suggestions to make.

Mrs. Jenkyns based her answers on the experience of 14 years of married life and

homemaking. Before her marriage she gained a Science degree at Sydney University.

"Until I married I had never done anything in the house, and I found housework and washing-up just the end. I couldn't settle down to being a housewife," she said. "But when Mary Rose was born, I had to work out a routine, and I have kept it ever since."

She has a big home to look after. It was originally a hospital, and when the Jenkyns moved in it had been partly burnt out.

In a year the old house has undergone a complete transformation. Mrs. Jenkyns and her husband, an advertising executive, did most of the re-decoration.



MRS. ROY JENKYNs, who won the £1000 first prize in the Homemaker Quiz, has help only one day a week in running her big home, which she and her husband are re-decorating.

Third prizewinner

MRS. E. V. WALLIKER, winner of third prize of £100, has a profitable flair for homemaking. Two years ago she won a major prize in our cookery contest for planning a buffet dinner for 12 people.

Mrs. Walliker, who is the wife of a Port Fairy, Vic., estate agent, did a nursing course in Melbourne before her marriage 10 years ago.

She and her husband recently bought a nine-roomed, 87-year-old stone house, which they are renovating themselves.

They have just finished the pantry. It has white walls,

with pale blue ceiling and deeper blue cupboards with matching floor-covering.

Easiest Quiz question for Mrs. Walliker was the one which required a menu and method of preparation in a limited time for an unexpected dinner guest.

Mrs. Walliker budgets her housekeeping to keep expenses within limits.

She and her husband are fond of entertaining and always keep open house for relatives and friends.

They have a daughter, Elizabeth, aged two.



MRS. WENDY KENNETT, who won second prize of £250 in this section, with her husband, Ken, and their son and daughter, Jeffrey and Judy.

Second prizewinner

ATTRACTIVE, dark-haired 25-year-old Mrs. Ken (Wendy) Kennett graduated in Arts at Melbourne University before her marriage, but now all her interests revolve round her home, husband, and their children, Jeffrey, aged four, and Judy, aged two.

She was delighted when she heard her Homemaker entry had won the £250 prize.

"We've just bought a very old weatherboard house and will have to spend a lot of money doing it up and buying

floor coverings when we move in," she said.

Team work is the keynote of the Kennett household. Mrs. Kennett keeps a ledger recording all expenses, from ice-creams for the children to food, clothes, medical expenses, and outlay on presents for friends. Her husband, an office manager with a large food firm, calls the ledger "the shocker." He agrees, though, that he has only to glance at it to see exactly how their money is being spent.

MRS. D. J. WALLIKER with her husband and small daughter, Elizabeth. Mrs. Walliker won third prize, £100, in the Homemaker Quiz. She likes to keep open house.



ROMANCE SECTION

ALTHOUGH well endowed with personal charm herself, Mrs. Hewling Luson, £1000 prizewinner, based most of her Romance Quiz answers on the personality of Lady Mountbatten, whom she often met in India.

"I think her a most glamorous woman, able to express herself simply and sincerely, and always with perfect taste," she said.

Mr. and Mrs. Luson were married in India in 1941. Mrs. Luson had been engaged twice before that.

"The first was a late teens romance which ended on a friendly basis when we found our temperaments were incompatible," she said.

"The second romance failed because it was based simply on having glamorous times in night-clubs in the gay London of the late 1930's.

The Lusons came to Australia from England last year with their nine-year-old daughter Amanda—named after Amanda in Noel Coward's "Private Lives."

Mr. Luson said he was impressed first by his wife's expressive eyes when they met at a party. He also enjoyed her company because they had the same taste in books, and both liked tennis.

"Our marriage is evidently a success," he



MRS. HEWLING LUSON and her husband.

added. "We still like the same books, and play bridge together. Being able to play bridge together after 11 years is the acid test of a successful partnership."

Second prizewinner

THE feminine type is Mrs. Shirley Wilson's idea of the perfect girl. She does not like the tomboy type, and she wants her small daughter, Susan, to grow into a neat, feminine person who will always look after her clothes and be well mannered.



MRS. S. WILSON and her daughter, Susan.

"My husband likes women to be feminine, too," she said.

Mrs. Wilson, who lives at South Curl Curl, N.S.W., won second prize of £250 in this section. Her husband, Reg, is a bricklayer.

Mrs. Wilson answered the questions in the form of lively letters from "Aunt Maria" to her "24-year-old niece."

Third prizewinner

A GRADUATE of the University of Tasmania, brown-eyed Winifred Lawler, who won the third prize of £100, also studied in France and Germany on a scholarship. She now edits and produces school broadcasts.

Miss Lawler, who is tall and slim, has twinkling brown eyes and a bright personality.

Her main interest at present is supervising the building of a home for herself at a beach-side village near Hobart.

Asked if she had any other plans for the future, she said with a smile, "You never know what is around the corner."



MISS W. LAWLER

OFFICE QUIZ SECTION

WINNER of the Office Quiz £1000 prize, Miriel Payne, has been with the one firm for 20 years. She joined it when she left school and for some years she was private secretary to the managing-director.

She considers that she had every opportunity to become a good secretary because her boss, who died recently, was an efficient and keen business man.

Miss Payne is sailing for England on the Oronsay on April 6.

"This extra money will make all the difference and will enable me to get to America," she said.

"It's wonderful to be going abroad now armed with good letters of introduction and this prize-money."

"I've saved for years for this trip. I've had stalls seats at pictures, gallery seats at plays, and gone without chocolates."

"I had a little car and I have had good holidays in other States, but I've never had more than a fortnight's leave before."



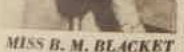
MISS MIRIEL PAYNE, whose trip abroad, for which she has saved for years, will be extended to America with the £1000 she won.

Second prizewinner

ATTRACTIVE, 25-year-old Betty Blacket, winner of the £250 prize, is secretary to the director of the public relations department of the Sydney branch of a big advertising company.

Tennis, swimming, art classes three times a week dressmaking, and reading are her recreations.

In addition to being a good secretary, Betty has to be something of an actress during her working hours. The department in which she works records, on a wire-recorder, staff education lectures for big firms, and Betty acts the parts of good and bad interviewees.



MISS B. M. BLACKET

Third prizewinner

MANY of Zoe Middleton's answers to the Quiz were worked out on the top of a trolley bus each day as she travelled to work. She said she managed about one answer per bus ride, which lasts 40 minutes. Zoe won third prize of £100.

She works for the same firm as Miriel Payne. She has been there 11 years and is secretary to the finance manager and his assistant.

Singing is her main hobby, and through it she met her fiance, Jim Robinson. They plan to marry as soon as they find a house. Zoe does exquisite needlework, and embroidery.



MISS Z. MIDDLETON

ALL THE PRIZEWINNERS

HOMEMAKER QUIZ—First prize, £1000

Mrs. ROY JENKINS, 40 Fairfax Road, Bellevue Hill, N.S.W.

SECOND PRIZE — £250

Mrs. WENDY KENNETT, 61 Brandon Street, Burwood, E. 13, Vic.

THIRD PRIZE — £100

Mrs. D. J. WALLIKER, "Cooinda," Port Fairy, Vic.

£20 PRIZES FOR SINGLE QUESTIONS

Mrs. T. V. GILMORE, "Glenboerie," Emerald Creek, Mareeba, Nth. Qld.
Mrs. N. K. BALZER, Dunoon, via Lismore, N.S.W.
Mrs. I. PRATT, 25 Stuart St., Narrabundah, A.C.T.
Mrs. M. HUGHES, George St., Gosford, N.S.W.
Mrs. J. GOSS, Flat 2, 319 Pacific Highway, Artarmon, N.S.W.
Mrs. D. J. ASTLE, 5 Broomfield Ave., West Ryde, N.S.W.
Mrs. E. M. HAGERTY, 10 Claremont Rd., Burwood, N.S.W.
Mrs. E. STEWART, 3 Normandy Court, 23 Chapman St., Nth. Melbourne.
Mrs. JOAN JACOB, c/o Tarooma Post Office, Hobart, Tas.
Mrs. PATRICIA MERRALES, 15 English St., Wembley, W.A.

£10 PRIZES FOR SINGLE QUESTIONS

ETHEL A. STICK, Arden St., Coogee, N.S.W.
Mrs. HELEN GRANT, 5 Cliff St., Nth. Geelong, Vic.
Mrs. PHILIP CLEINE, Red Hill St., Vic.
Mrs. SHIRLEY BUTTSWORTH, 26 Richmond Rd., Windsor, N.S.W.
Mrs. V. CALTON, 46 Melville St., Albany, W.A.
MARY ATKIN, 730 Pacific Highway, Gordon, N.S.W.
Miss BELLE BOHLAND, "Honiton," 155 Hoddle St., West Richmond, Vic.
MARGARET TIMBRELL, 147 Lennox St., Casino, N.S.W.
Mrs. J. H. WATSON, 9 Hamel St., Box Hill South, Vic.
Mrs. HEATHER BLAKE, 2 Coolaroo Rd., Lane Cove, N.S.W.

ROMANCE QUIZ — First prize, £1000

Mrs. HEWLING LUSON, Flat 2, Dumbarton, 62 Napier Crescent, Essendon W.5, Vic.

SECOND PRIZE — £250

Mrs. SHIRLEY WILSON, "Har Mar," Gardere Avenue, South Curl Curl, N.S.W.

THIRD PRIZE — £100

WINIFRED LAWLER, 385 Elizabeth Street, Hobart, Tas.

£20 PRIZES FOR SINGLE QUESTIONS

Mrs. A. TROLOPE, "Alwyn," 22 Lodge St., Balgowlah, N.S.W.
MARGARET BELLINGHAM, 125 Cook Road, Centennial Park, Sydney.
Mrs. A. J. HOFFENETZ, C/- Box 14, P.O. Ingham, Qld.
Mrs. M. J. FIEB, 68 Irubell St., Newport.
RICHARD CARSON, 175 Wilson Rd., Newmarket, Brisbane.
ELIZABETH TURNBULL, 2 St. Stephens Ave., Lower Sandy Bay, Hobart, Tas.
ELLEN SUGG, 61 Bradley St., Cobarr, N.S.W.
EDITH JOAN STANKIEWICZ, P.O., Civic Centre, Canberra, A.C.T.
Miss A. M. WALKER, Balfy St., Cairns, Nth. Qld.
Mrs. T. J. SLAUGHTER, 81 Mitchell St., North Ward, Townsville, Nth. Qld.

£10 PRIZES FOR SINGLE QUESTIONS

Mrs. V. CARROLL, 45 Haig Rd., Merredind, W.A.
ANNIE E. HERSCHFIELD, 126 Adelaide St., Clayfield, Brisbane.
Mrs. V. BOND, 3 Fairway Ave., Mount Beauty, Vic.
Mrs. PATRICIA WILLIAMS, C/- 85 Hastings St., Northcote, Vic.
Mrs. G. ARNOLD, 116 Pine Ave., Mildura, Vic.
M. J. SWAN, "Finfield," Longford, Tas.
Mrs. F. RAYNOR, 120 Nepean Highway, Seaford, Vic.
IVY GOODE, 25 Yerrin St., Balwyn E.8, Vic.
Miss MIGNON ALSOP, 12 Rodgers St., Goodwood Park, S.A.
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Miss JOAN DAVIS, 58 Merthyr Rd., New Farm, Brisbane, Qld.
Mrs. LORNA J. FIELD, 616 Waverley Rd., East Malvern, S.E.19, Vic.
Miss MARY MCANAN, c/o Radio 1HT, 143 Elizabeth St., Hobart, Tas.
Miss BETTY McILWRAITH, 48 Simper St., Wembley Park, W.A.
Miss JOAN CRAMOND, 105 Winthrop Ave., Crawley, W.A.
Miss CAROL L. CROOKE, 12 Watt St., Box Hill, E.11, Melbourne, Vic.
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Miss M. RAMSAY, 11 Evelyn St., Woolowin, N.E. Brisbane, Qld.
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Mrs. A. M. MARSHMAN, Box 295, Port Lincoln, S.A.
Miss D. N. SCOTT, 45 Cranknell Rd., Annerley, Vic.
Mrs. J. T. BLACKSTOCK, Private Bag 92, Warracknabeal, Vic.
Miss ESTELLE PASK, 40 Kooyung Kool Rd., Hawthorn, E.2, Vic.
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Miss E. GARDNER, 206 Sydney Rd., Fairlight, N.S.W.
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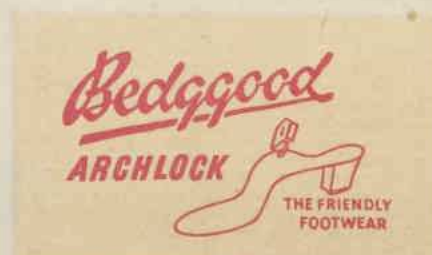
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Australian girls in Egypt



SYLVIA POLL, of Goulburn, N.S.W., who, with her friend Marjorie Fisher, is working in a N.A.A.F.I. canteen in Egypt. The girls were travelling in Britain together, and welcomed the chance to go to Egypt to extend their tour.



MARJORIE FISHER, of Manly, Queensland. She and Sylvia Poll are the only two Australians among the 700 canteen workers to go to the Canal Zone in Egypt.

Volunteered to work in canteens serving tea to troops

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

Two Australian girls, Sylvia Poll, of Goulburn, N.S.W., and Marjorie Fisher, of Manly, Queensland, are serving, from N.A.A.F.I. canteens, tea to British troops in the Suez Canal Zone.

They were among the first batch of volunteers to leave Britain when an airlift of 700 canteen workers was organised.

THE girls and their English companions are doing jobs left vacant by members of the Egyptian labor force who fled after Egypt abrogated the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty.

An Army officer told me: "These girls are assured of the warmest welcome. Nothing could do more to sustain morale out there."

The troops are now denied even the element of excitement which existed during the disturbances.

They may not enter the Canal Zone towns in off-duty hours.

Garrison life centres on the N.A.A.F.I. canteens. Now there will be dances and parties for the men.

The girls, who are all young, wear mauve canteen overalls with matching headbands, and off duty, civilian clothes, some of which they chose for themselves, with a £40 sterling allowance.

As well they are issued with a wardrobe of pretty summer clothes by N.A.A.F.I. (Navy, Army, and Air Force Institute).

The £40 is enough for a suit and two dresses, nylons, and smart sandals.

Just before Sylvia and Marjorie boarded their plane, they told me that they thought the canteen jobs were a great chance to see more of life abroad.

Neither had flown before.

They left for Egypt just 12 months after they arrived by

ship from Australia determined to see as much of the world as possible on their slender savings.

When they landed they had £30 between them.

Both girls are pretty.

They took jobs as chambermaids and in eight weeks saved enough to move on to Scotland.

Twenty-two-year-old Sylvia has red hair, blue eyes, and fair skin. She is a slender 5ft. 3in.

A hairdresser, she used to manage a salon at Crows Nest, near Sydney.

Then she went to Queensland, where she had her own business, and met 24-year-old stenographer Marjorie Fisher.

"I was setting Marjorie's hair and talking about my plans to travel when she told me she was saving up to go abroad, too," Sylvia said.

Later the girls decided to travel together, to work together, and by taking such jobs as came their way and pooling resources, to share all the fun and adventure of travel.

Both are very happy with N.A.A.F.I.

"The issue of a suit and two frocks is only one of the grand things about this adventure," said Sylvia.

"We hope to bank most of what we earn, and then after we come back to England to travel on the Continent," she said.

"We travel until we are broke, then work hard until we save enough money for another holiday."

The girls are earning £3/10/- sterling a week with N.A.A.F.I., plus a ten per cent. bonus and living allowance. A portion of the £3/10/- is banked for them in England.

Marjorie spent her dress allowance on a light beige gabardine suit which cost only £7/19/- sterling, but she assured me it would cost at least £14 Australian in Brisbane.

For the mild Egyptian winter they both chose lightweight jersey dresses and "splashed on the summer frocks" as Sylvia said.

These were black chiffon cocktail dresses with ballerina skirts and stiff petticoats.

Some of the English girls have boy-friends in the Canal Zone, but Marjorie and Sylvia say they don't know many Englishmen, certainly none in Egypt.

"We are out to travel the world before we settle down—and marriage is for keeps," said Sylvia. "We have met lots of nice Englishmen, but we still like Australians best."

The girls trained for their job in the corporals' bar in Southern Command, England.

"We don't want to work in the corporals' bar again," they told me. "We want to help the boys. The corporals think they are something special. The other boys are grateful for good service."

Sylvia and Marjorie found working as chambermaids great fun. They preferred to save enough for fares and travel comfortably to their next stopping place rather than to hitch hike, as many girls do.

They worked so hard as chambermaids in a big hotel once that one of them was promoted to housekeeper.

They were horrified. Responsibility was the last thing either wanted, so they left immediately.

They were only broke once. That was after a trip to Ire-

land when they went by bus to beautiful and remote parts of the country.

When they returned to Scotland they couldn't change what Irish money they had.

But they were able to stay with a friend in Glasgow until they started work again.

They took a flat and went back to their old jobs, but found the routine monotonous after the fun they had had as chambermaids and servants in big houses.

So they returned to the big houses, and were able to save enough to attend the Edinburgh Festival of Music. They enjoyed every minute of that.

But they couldn't save their fares back to Australia—even with the tips—on chambermaids' wages.

They calculate that their six months' job with N.A.A.F.I. should give them their passage money home as well as a continental holiday.

The Army officer-in-charge said: "The response to our call for help to staff the canteens was absolutely wonderful. The girls seem to have no fear and are prepared to run the canteens whatever the dangers."

The volunteers are treated by the Army with all the respect due to front-line troops.

The two Australian girls, who are very popular with their mates, are known as "Poll" and "Fisher."

The officer said of them: "They are such good friends one rarely sees them apart."

On the same airlift were seven Irish girls from Ballykelly.

Some were hoping to see their sweethearts on arrival, and 21-year-old Meta Harper was looking forward to seeing her soldier brother, Frank Harper, who is a year older than she is.

"We've brought our dance frocks as well as our issue clothes," said another Irish girl, Anne Doherty. "We have been asked to organise dances and social life for the boys."



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ROMEO AND JULIET: New Australian ballet



SPECTACULAR SCENE from the Borovansky Ballet Company's production of "The Eternal Lovers," above, as the Spirit of Love (Helen France) struggles with Death (Bruce Morrow).

THE LOVERS find themselves surrounded by the opposing forces of Love and Death, right. "The Eternal Lovers" is danced to Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet" overture.

● The tragic love-story of Romeo and Juliet has a happy ending in "Les Amants Eternels" (The Eternal Lovers), a new ballet by the Borovansky Company. Set to Tchaikovsky's music, the ballet opens when the lovers awaken after death and find their despair has divided them in the kingdom of the Spirit of Death. However, the Spirit of Love intervenes and reunites them.



"THE ETERNAL LOVERS" Romeo (Paul Grinnis) and Juliet (Kathleen Gorham) wake after death expecting to find peace, only to discover that the Spirit of Death threatens to part them and destroy their love.





THE SPIRIT OF DEATH gloats over the anguish of Romeo and Juliet. Death is confident the lovers will be parted forever following the success of his servants in a spectacular battle against the servants of Love. The corps de ballet is extremely good.

TRIUMPHAL DANCE of the Spirit of Love after her victory over Death, above. The Spirit of Love wears crimson chiffon. Sets and costumes were designed by William Constable. The choreography is by Paul Grimis, former member of the de Basil and Ballet de Paris companies and now a leading dancer with the Borovansky Ballet.

★ ★

CLIMAX of the battle between the forces of Love and the forces of Death, right. The servants of Love wear gold-trimmed turquoise-blue dresses made in Renaissance style. The Borovansky Ballet Company recently added Tchaikovsky's "The Sleeping Princess," a ballet in three acts, to its repertoire.

Pictures by staff photographer Johnny Jones.



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EIGHT years ago Mrs. Louie Hurley, of Coburg, Victoria, bought an aquarium and a pair of fish.

To-day she has 68 fish-ponds and 1000 fish—all bought from the sale of fish bred from the original pair. Mrs. Hurley and her husband built the ponds themselves. They have all sorts of fish ranging from such aristocrats as Black Moors and Calico Veil-tails, which sell at £5 a pair, to lesser breeds worth only 1/-.

The fish live on insects and on fish-food made by Mrs. Hurley from cereals, egg-yolks, cod liver oil, and whitebait.

They are fed once a day. Once a year the ponds are siphoned out and filled with fresh water. The only other work entailed is pruning water-weed in the ponds.

Each year charities gain from public inspections of the ponds and from the sale of fish on those days. Mrs. Hurley also gives to charity 10 per cent. of her earnings at her second hobby, a dolls' hospital, in which she repairs broken dolls and dresses others classed as mediums by the manufacturers.

As a side-line she breeds lovebirds and canaries.

BRITAIN'S Council for Health Education is advising people to make breakfast the biggest meal of the day.

Food experts in both Britain and America say that the early morning is really the right time for such dishes as roast beef and Yorkshire pudding.

Experiments were carried out on guinea-pigs. Scientists fed some of them in the evening and others on exactly the same diet early in the morning.

They found that the "dinner at night" eaters put on weight but lost energy, while the "breakfasters" lost weight but were more energetic and healthier than ever before.

Actors encourage one another

MANY youthful Australian variety and radio artists trying their luck in England gather together at the Kensington flat of Colin Croft to discuss their prospects over cups of tea.

B.B.C. successes Kitty Bluett and Joy Nichols, former Tivoli artist Joe Latona, and John Fasson, who was in the Youth Show with Colin and Joy, are among them.

Colin's mother, Mrs. F. E. Croft, now back in Sydney after nine months in London, told us that new arrivals and those temporarily out of luck are encouraged by the ones who have known good and bad days in the hard, competitive London theatre and radio world.

Colin himself is doing rather nicely at present. He is in the floor show at exclusive Giro's, has a part in the B.B.C. show "Up and Coming," and does a specialty dance with a shop-window dummy in a murder film. "Tread Softly."

FROM Russell Lynes' new book "Guests—Or How To Survive Hospitality": "The good hostess should be nervous. If she isn't, I am." "The good listener is the person whose sole contribution to the party is to make bores out of other people."

Fifth wedding for island

AN unusual wedding took place recently on tiny Lundy Island, at the mouth of the Bristol Channel.

The bride was 24-year-old Sydney girl Jean Crabtree, whose uncle is the owner's agent on this granite island, which is only three miles long by half a mile wide, but issues its own stamps.

The bridegroom was 30-year-old John Richardson, from Darwen, Lancashire.

The parsons who married them were the Rev. H. Muller, Vicar of Appledore, in Devon, who was flown over from Barnstaple, and Canon W. Buttle, of Bethnal Green, London, who took off from Croydon.

It was 75-year-old Mr. Muller's first flight.

Best man was Colonel Harrison, from Bristol, who was best man for the 47th time. He made a movie of the proceedings to send to the bride's parents in Sydney.

The congregation consisted of the 48 islanders. It was only the fifth wedding in Lundy's history. The ceremony had to be delayed two hours for Mr. Muller, whose plane was held up by a storm.

A DIGNIFIED elderly gentleman of our acquaintance decided that, times being what they are, he would unhesitatingly engage in trade with the bottle-o.

Consoling himself with such thoughts as "a man has to be practical these days," and "made a lot of money that way as a boy," our elderly gentleman saw the household empties transferred to the bottle-o's bag.

Then the bottle merchant dug into his pocket and offered our acquaintance the miserly sum of one and twopenny.

Drawing himself up to his full 6ft. 2in., the vendor remarked grandly, "Keep it. I can see you need it more than I do."

With an eye for color

THE home color service just opened in Sydney by a firm of paint manufacturers offers free advice on all phases of interior decorating.

In charge of this new venture is Australian artist Donald Shaw, who worked for two years in England.

One of his first jobs in the U.K. was to repaper the walls of the dining-room of the House of Commons.

"I kept the general motif of florals, but changed the colors to peachy, fawn tones, which were much more modern," he said. "That design will, of course, be exclusive to the House of Commons."

Another favorite job of Mr. Shaw's was decorating the enormous ballroom where all big Cambridge University social functions are held.

"It was a lovely room with a curved roof made quite hideous by silver paint, and drapes which had been tarnished into a dark sienna by cigarette smoke," he said.

"I painted the roof blue and pale ochre and put pale blue and cherry curtains around the big french windows which lined the walls."

Before the end of the year Mr. Shaw hopes to establish a home color service in every State in Australia.

Nothing under the counter

WHAT must be the world's most international grocery shop is in Parkway Village, New York, the housing development for United Nations staff near U.N. headquarters in New York City.

It was started four years ago by two Americans who noticed that U.N. families were spending considerable time and money traipsing all over New York in an effort to find the sort of foodstuffs to which they were accustomed.

To-day the shop claims that there is practically no national taste that it cannot satisfy. On its shelves are shortbread from Scotland, sardines from North Africa, whole rice birds from Shanghai, 150 different cheeses from 15 different countries, and even vispar—the birch twigs used in Norway for stirring gravy.



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PITYROGAMMA TRIANGULARIS, one of the "golden" ferns, is native to the Pacific coast of North America and to Ecuador, South America.



ATHYRIUM ESCULENTUM, one of the few edible ferns, is eaten by native in Asia and Polynesia. The fronds are used in salads or as a vegetable.



ASPENIUM ATTENUATUM, a rare fern native to Queensland and N.S.W., was collected by Miss Tindale during a trip to the Dorrigo, N.S.W.

FERNS ARE HER STUDY

● Some of the ferns shown on this page will appear in a text book of the known ferns of south-eastern Australia which is being compiled by Mary Tindale, a young Australian botanist.

MISS TINDALE'S book, the first of its kind since Moore and Betch compiled their handbook of the flora of N.S.W. in 1893, will contain information, pictures, and illustrations of about 200 ferns.

A Master of Science, Miss Tindale graduated from Sydney University with honors in botany. She is an authority on acacias, and was the first botanist sent to London by the C.S.I.R.O. and the N.S.W. Government since before the war.

Her book has taken several years' research at the National Herbarium of N.S.W. in the Botanic Gardens, Sydney.

The Herbarium is packed to the ceilings with 600,000 plant specimens. They include, so Miss Tindale believes, all the known types of Australian ferns.

Much of the information for the book was gathered during the past two years, when she was Australian Liaison Officer at the Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew, England.

Here she was able to study the type specimens of ferns and to gather additional notes from literature not available in Australia.

During her stay abroad, Miss Tindale went to Stockholm for the Seventh International Botanical Congress, which was attended by 1300 botanists from all parts of the world. Highlight of the Congress was a party given by King Gustaf of Sweden in the formal gardens of the Drottningholm Palace.

Miss Tindale thinks the prettiest Australian ferns are the stag horns, elk horns, birds' nests, and the tall tree ferns.

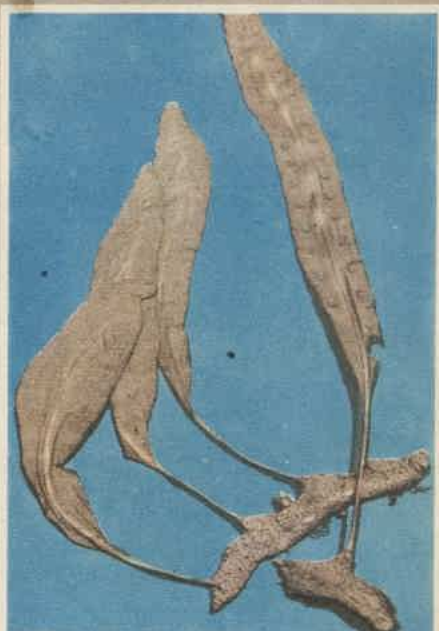
She has these ferns growing in her garden at Neutral Bay, Sydney. She has also cultivated a floating fern (Azolla) with red triangular leaves and feathery roots, which grows on the Murray River, and a fern shaped like a four-leafed clover, called Nardoo, which aborigines grind into flour for cakes.



HYMENOPHYLLUM DILATATUM, a filmy fern which grows on rocks and trees in the rain forests of tropical Australia and in New Zealand.



AUSTRALIAN BOTANIST Mary Tindale identifies a plant under a microscope in her office at the National Herbarium of N.S.W.



POLYPODIUM SINUOSUM, which is mostly found in the south-east Pacific islands. Ants live in its inflated hollow root.



CHEILANTHES TENUIFOLIA, a rock fern, suspected of poisoning stock, especially sheep. It grows mainly in dry inland areas of Australia.

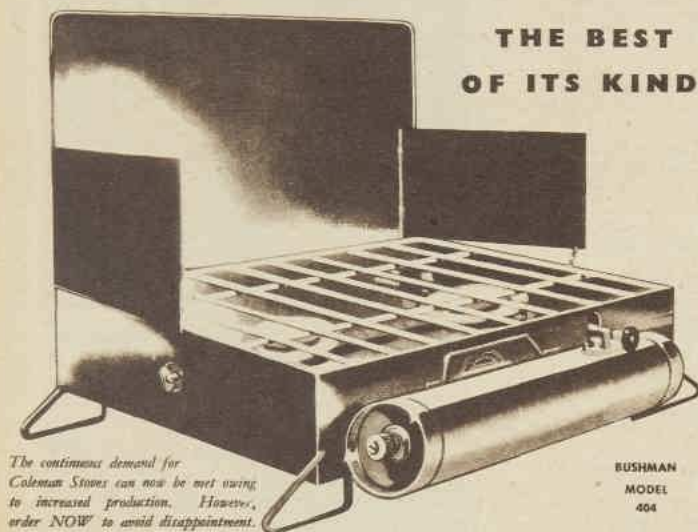
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Wiggle test charts reactions to films

Experts in England and the United States have devised a means of gauging child audience reaction to a film. They call it the Wiggle Test. It is a graphic record of children's actual behaviour as they watch a film, and was recently tried out in Melbourne.

THE idea was adopted because, when questioned about a film after a screening, children—and adults, too—almost invariably give the answers they think are expected of them.

On the other hand, their reactions during the actual screening are an accurate indication.

When children are bored, they wiggle. If there is "too much love," they wiggle. If a sequence is over their heads, they wiggle.

When their interest is held, they sit absorbed.

Experts are satisfied that by photographing these and other reactions and comparing the photographs with the sequence in the film that has evoked them, something con-

crete has been provided as material for research.

At first flashlights were used to take pictures during the film, but the children resented the flashes as interruptions or became self-conscious.

Infra-red film is now used, enabling photographs to be taken in the semi-darkness of the theatre without the child audience being aware of it.

These infra-red photographs were taken in a Wiggle Test to gauge the audience's reactions to the films shown at last month's film afternoon for children at the Union Theatre, Melbourne University.

The screening was arranged by the Victorian Council for Children's Films.

The children, who represent a cross-section of the community, are between seven and 12 years of age.

Newman Rosenthal, President of the Victorian Council for Children's Films and Director of the Visual Aids Department of Melbourne University, explained that the Visual Aids Department was trying to collect more accurate information about children's reactions than just "adult hunches."

"While adults can advise children what films to see, only the children can know what they like best," he said.

According to Mr. Rosenthal, children dislike love scenes and too much dialogue.

"The graph of a Wiggle Test during a screening of 'The Sea Hawk' showed trends from restlessness during love scenes to active participation in fight scenes," he said.

The headings under which Wiggle Testers chart child audience reactions are explained:

Active Participation: Children rise out of their seats in



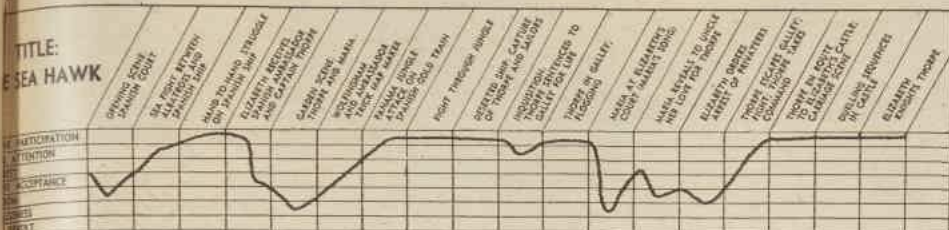
BOREDOM expressed by slumped posture and glazed look of the little girl, at right, is a child's typical reaction to a love sequence in "The Sea Hawk," above.



INTEREST is the Wiggle Test rating given to the reaction of the gleeful small boy, at right, on the entrance of the hero at a critical stage of "The Sea Hawk," above. Soon his reaction will jump to active participation.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 12, 1952

Science goes to the movies



RIISING-FALLING INTEREST of a child audience is recorded in this Wiggle Test graph of "The Sea Hawk." Scenes of adventure and pursuit elicit active participation on the part of children, but sequences depicting political intrigue or romance evoke boredom and restlessness. Lowest Wiggle Test rating is open revolt, when children make the theatre a bedlam of whistles, hoots, and cat-calls.



ABSORPTION, above left, of Bruce McCann and John Plesse is evident during the special film afternoon at the Union Theatre, Melbourne University.



VARYING DEGREES of excitement are shown by Rosemary Robertson (7), Patricia Curtin (6), and Ruth Curtin (10) during a tense scene in a film on the programme arranged by the Victorian Council for Children's Films at the Union Theatre.

excitement, shouts and whoops. Strong emotional identification; laughter, tears, suspense.

Close Attention: Children spellbound, leaning forward tensely, eyes riveted to screen.

Interest: Audience alert, following action closely; tension relaxed. Murmured comments about the film.

Passive Acceptance: Children lean back as if hypnotized; let the picture "wash over" them without signs of pleasure or displeasure.

Boredom: Slumped posture and a glazed look.

Restlessness: Wiggles, fidgets, competitive conversations. The picture has lost its hold.

Open Revolt: Audience out of hand. Whistles, hoots, and horseplay; children start milling about.



PURSUIT SCENE from "The Sea Hawk," above left, has the audience, above, spellbound. The children despise the villains and sympathise strongly with the "goodies."



ACTIVE PARTICIPATION is the Wiggle Test rating for the reaction of the boys, at right, to the battle aboard ship, above. It involves a physical reaction of rising out of their seats in excitement, and strong emotional identification with the film characters.



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Pamela Hookham



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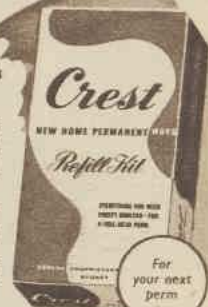
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12/2/52

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WYTEX



RIOT



CUBAN



FOREST



SUN



SAXE



JET

Excessive weight could shorten life

Some people have fatness, like greatness, thrust upon them. Others have only themselves to blame.

There are women who spend almost half their days fighting their figures. Many become diet faddists or pill takers. They obey all sorts of restrictive rules.

OBESITY isn't due entirely to food or to glands, though both may contribute a great deal to it.

Often, in addition to constitutional causes and hereditary factors, fatness is caused by changes in water balance and even by psychological upsets.

There have always been fat people; presumably there always will be. But it may be many years before the present record of 72 stone, now held by Miles Darden, of Tennessee, is broken.

Such weights are, of course, grossly pathological, and seldom occur. Even the fat lady in the sideshow may not reach half this weight.

Adiposity presents two main problems—the one aesthetic, the other a problem of health and longevity.

The first is mainly the concern of the female about her figure.

There may be a general obesity, or only parts of the body may grow fat. Localised fatness frequently enlarges the buttocks or the legs, while the torso remains more or less normal.

This disproportionate type of adiposity, or regional lipophilia, may be due to some glandular change, and often runs in families.

Treatment is both difficult and disappointing, as it is impossible to alter nature's mould to any degree.

Excessive weight does not signify good health. In middle life it becomes a potential danger.

According to insurance statistics, a man 90lb. overweight is twice as likely to die within a year as a man of normal weight.

Generally speaking, excessive weight puts too great a load on the heart muscle, and some form of heart failure at a fairly early age may result.

Further, obesity seems to favor the onset of diabetes, arterial hypertension, cirrhosis of the liver, and other disorders.

Fat babies are generally acceptable, but they are not always the strongest or the most resistant to infections.

After the toddling stage is over, most children tend to become skinny and to remain so until the onset of adolescence, and even beyond this period.

A few, noted for their hearty appetites, develop a comfortable layer of puppy fat which is of no particular moment.

Minor glandular disturbances related to puberty often account for the "Fatso" stage of the early teens—more particularly in girls.

Either sex may suffer from

a major glandular disfunction, known as Frohlich's Disease, where there is a marked adiposity combined with obvious sexual immaturity. This may demand glandular treatment.

Though this condition is comparatively rare in its grosser manifestations, one often meets young people who show this tendency. The condition seems to right itself as they grow up.

Myxoedema, due to thyroid gland deficiency, is another glandular disease often associated with increase of weight. It is essentially a disorder of middle life and is far more prevalent in women than in men.

In the typical case of myxoedema the body weight increases while the mental processes become sluggish. The hair may fall out in large quantities and pads of fat accumulate over the shoulders. Patients complain of feeling cold. Movements become restricted and interests circumscribed.

This disorder readily responds to thyroid medication.

Apart from their uses in the disorders just mentioned, drugs play a very minor part in the treatment of obesity.

For those who show some constitutional sub-hyperthyroidism, small doses of thyroid gland substance may produce a gratifying reduction of weight.

Those who are not sub-hyperthyroid can seldom take thyroid, as it not only increases the metabolic rate but tends to accelerate the heart's action to an undesirable degree.

Dexedrine is supposed to reduce weight by eliminating the appetite. It seems to work this way with some and to have no effect upon others.

Incidentally, it is a mental stimulant, and should not be taken after 4 p.m. lest it prevent sleep.

Other drugs have come on to the market as weight reducers, but have never proved satisfactory to the average stout person.

Since drugs have such limited value in obesity, the main emphasis in treatment must fall on diet.

In the present state of our knowledge and where there is no evidence of glandular involvement, reduction of food intake provides the best method of reducing weight.

It is the hard way; but carried out with proper dietary restrictions it generally has the desired result.

The logical way to reduce weight is to starve for a few days, but this Spartan method will make little appeal to the average person.

Some people keep their weight down by having a



REGULATED DIET is the hard way to combat increasing fatness, but despite new drugs it is still the best way. Our doctor warns that excessive weight becomes a potential danger to health in middle life.

"liquid day" a week; others achieve the same result by judiciously cutting down on carbohydrates (bread, potatoes, sugar, etc.) and fat.

Possibly the best way of reducing is to follow a properly regulated diet. There are many of these, but they are mostly the same in principle and vary only in details.

All aim to reduce the number of calories without leaving a hungry feeling, and all rely largely on the consumption of fruit and vegetables which have a high water content.

One rather stringent diet makes use of the following vegetables, which may be eaten fresh in salads or cooked:

Celery, lettuce, spinach, sprouts, tomatoes, cucumber, asparagus, cauliflower, mushrooms, and cabbage.

Breakfast, then, should consist of one egg and 1oz. bread or toast.

Lunch: One egg or 1oz. lean meat and as many of the prescribed vegetables as required.

Dinner: Meat soup, 4oz. lean meat and vegetables as required.

No butter is allowed. Milk, tea, and coffee must give place to fruit juice. Saccharine must be taken in place of sugar.

Once a week, by way of encouragement, the patient may eat any meal he likes.

This diet may be too severe for some people, who must be content to lose weight more slowly by a more generous diet.

In any case, when the desired weight has been reached, additions may be made to the diet in the way of bread, butter, and other vegetables, and so built up, according to individual requirements, to keep the reduced weight more or less constant.

A general increase of weight is commonest after the age of 40. In a woman this "middle-aged spread" may be due to repeated childbirth. But in either sex it is generally thought to be due to a greater sense of security with more money to spend on food.

It may be due partly to an increased intake of alcohol and a gradual disinclination for exercise.

Other factors, such as luncheon parties and late suppers, may play a part in certain sections of the community.

All these factors may be abetted by glandular changes well known to occur after 40.

Recently it has been shown that emotional shock can cause a rapid increase of weight. Where this appears to be the case, the patient may respond to psychotherapy without any recourse to a reducing diet.

Over-eating, especially in young women, is sometimes a form of addiction—a neurotic need to allay a sense of loss or deprivation.

Apart from this—although over-eating is the chief cause of increased weight—pure gluttony is rare in these days.

When it occurs little can be done, for the true glutton pays no heed to advice. He continues to dig his grave with his teeth.



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QUEEN ELIZABETH II with her husband, the Duke of Edinburgh, arriving at Buckingham Palace for the first investiture of her reign. She was hatless and wore black.



KOREAN WAR HERO Private Bill Speakman, of Altrincham, Cheshire, with his mother, Mrs. Hannah Houghton, shows the Victoria Cross presented to him by the Queen. Private Speakman is the second V.C. of the war; first was Major Kenneth Muir.

V.C. first decoration of new reign

By ANNE MATHESON,
of our London staff

The 110 people honored at the first investiture at Buckingham Palace in the reign of Queen Elizabeth II were all men. No women were there to be invested by the first woman monarch since Victoria.

BUT the small group of sad-eyed next-of-kin who received posthumous honors from the Queen in a private room before the semi-public investiture was composed entirely of women.

All wore deep mourning, with short veils thrown off their faces.

In presenting the posthumous awards privately, the Queen carried on the tradition established by her father, who was so sensitive to suf-

fering that he refused to present them in public.

The Queen looked very pale.

"So brave in her own sorrow, so understanding of ours," said Mrs. Eames, widow of Sergeant Kenneth Eames, M.M., of the Gloucesters.

After this sad little ceremony the Queen moved to the State Ballroom of the Palace for her first public investiture.

The Royal party entered the white-and-gold ballroom shortly after 11 a.m.

The young Queen was followed by her husband, the Duke of Edinburgh, in naval uniform, and equestrian, Lieutenant-Commander Michael Parker, R.N., in naval uniform, and Sir Frederick Browning, Comptroller of her Household, in a general's uniform.

Relatives of those about to be honored sat primly on rows of stiff little gilt chairs when the Queen entered.

The audience of 200 distinguished men and their relatives rose awkwardly as the Queen walked quietly and serenely to the dais. But every trace of nervous deference passed as she turned, smiling, and said in her light young voice, "Ladies and gentlemen, pray be seated."

The Queen looked very girlish and lovely in her full-skirted black dress trimmed with accordion-pleated frills, and a double string of pearls and a diamond shoulder spray. She carried a black handbag on the crook of her arm.

She stood hatless on the dais in front of the twin gold-and-crimson chairs of State below the towering Durbur canopy.

The Duke and equestrian stood behind the Queen, with Sir Piers Leigh, Master of the Household, the bearded Earl of Clarendon, Lord Chamberlain, and Air Force querry Group-Captain Peter Townsend, D.F.C., forming a semicircle.

The splendor of their gold braid and tasselled uniforms was set off by the Yeomen of the Guard in their Tudor uniforms of scarlet and gold with white ruff and carrying halberds.

Everyone present was impressed with the confident and regal way Queen Elizabeth

handled her first investiture. Not once did she fumble or falter.

First to be decorated was 6ft. 6in. Private Bill Speakman, the second man to win the V.C. in Korea.

In the battle-dress jacket and red, white, and green Leslie tartan trews of the King's Own Scottish Borderers he stood nearly a foot below the crimson-carpeted dais where the Queen faced him.

The 25-year-old Queen and the 24-year-old husband talked together for seven minutes. She told him: "The Colonel-in-Chief of the regiment sends you greetings." (The Colonel-in-Chief of the regiment is the Duchess of Gloucester.)

Bill Speakman later told me: "The Queen smiled gently and spoke so clearly, and softly I found myself getting my nervousness and just listening spellbound."

In the front row of the relatives sat Bill's mother, Mrs. Hannah Houghton.

She told me afterwards: "I've never known a prouder moment than when I saw the young Queen pin the V.C. on my boy. She looked wonderful."

When Sir John Lichfield, Victoria's handsome Agent-General, rose to his feet at the Queen had touched his shoulders with the golden-tasselled sword, the Queen talked to him about Australia.

The first Asian in Kenya to be knighted, Sir Ebooi Potho, bowed so low that the Queen had to bend over to give him the accolade.

The Queen asked Sir Ebooi about the colony and his work and told him how much she had been enjoying her visit there.

"But she smiled bravely," she said it, "Sir Ebooi told me afterwards. "It must be touched on very recent poignant memories."



FIRST AUSTRALIAN knighted in the reign of the Queen, Sir John Lichfield, Agent-General for Victoria, with Lady Lichfield at Buckingham Palace for the investiture.



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ANNABELLE



"Sorry I have to go early, but I can't let
my job stand in the way of my career!"

BUTCH



"Our case is as good as lost, you
know, if he does find out where his
gavel is."

It seems to me

THE B.B.C.'s attempts
to revive Billy Bunter
and the boys of Greyfriars
as television entertainment
proved a flop.

Billy Bunter and his friends
were characters in once-popular
schoolboy stories. They
appeared in publications
called the "Gem" and the
"Magnet." In recent years
men who loved the stories in
boyhood have fostered a senti-
mental cult for them.

The television flop shows
that a few devoted admirers
aren't enough to keep child-
hood favorites green for newer
generations.

Though I have never read the Greyfriars
stories I can sympathise with the devotees in
their failure to pass on their enthusiasm.

In my childhood I was passionately fond
of a book called "Handy Andy," by Samuel
Lover. It wasn't exactly new then. It was
written 100 years ago and my grandfather, so
I was told, used to laugh till the tears came
when he read it, which was often.

A few years ago I found a second-hand copy.
It still seemed funny to me. In fact, as it
was never intended for children, some of the
jokes had rather more point than they had
when I was eleven.

But could I interest my friends in it? No.
I foisted it on several but it was always re-
turned with those specious excuses with which
one returns a boring book.

"Handy Andy," along with Billy Bunter,
must be an outmoded taste.

TALKING of childhood pleasures, I
was disillusioned recently when some-
one sent me a parcel of tamarinds from
Queensland.

The fruit of the tamarind tree, as benighted
southerners may not know, is a thin-shelled
bean, with a sour sweet brown substance round
the seed. There was a time when I could fill
in a whole afternoon eating tamarinds.

You need leisure to eat them, as what
with removing the shell and gnawing away the edible
part from the seed, the intake is slow.

But this parcel was a sad disappointment.
They were lying round for weeks and even
those friends who professed a taste for all things
tropical pulled as wry a face as they had about
"Handy Andy."

I had been hankering for some Burdekin
plums (the fruit of a wild tree), but decided
to leave them where they were, a delicious
memory.

All the same, having looked up the dictionary
to check the spelling of tamarind, I see that
there's a dish called tamarind-fish, made by
cooking fish with the fruit.

There's an idea... Perhaps they just need
adaptation to adult tastes.

YOU know those savings bank money
boxes—sixpence new, a replacement
free if you can restrain yourself from
using a tin-opener till they're full?

They have been the same price since time
immemorial. Don't let it worry you, though.
I hear they're going up soon.

By



Dorothy Drain

YOU can't help being
enthralled with the
thought of a ten million
dollar trust fund languish-
ing in Boston, U.S.A.,
because the trustees can't
think of a way to spend it.

Thirty years ago a man
called George White left his
fortune to found a fund for
"works of public utility and
beauty for the use and enjoy-
ment of the citizens of Bos-
ton."

Catch was that the will
added: "No part of the fund
shall be used for religious,
political, educational, or other
purposes which it shall be the
duty of the City of Boston to provide."

At first the trustees spent money on parks
and health centres, but then realised that it
was the duty of Boston Council to provide these
things.

Since then they have been stumped, deaf to
the entreaties of a woman who suggested found-
ing a mink farm, and another who wanted a
beauty salon for work horses (real work
horses, I mean).

My suggestion is so simple that I can't think
why some other woman hasn't made it: A new
dress and hat for every woman in Boston every
time she hasn't anything to wear. The ten
million dollars would be used up in no time.

It would also fulfil the conditions. The
dresses would certainly be for the use and en-
joyment of the female citizens of Boston. Hus-
bands would thus be kept happy, and if that
isn't a work of public utility, what is?

SIR ARTHUR FADDEN on return
from abroad said that he had to
leave Australia to get a full appreciation
of Australia's Budget. "The Prime
Minister of Italy, Signor de Gasperi,
described it as the first happy rays of
sunshine in the world's economic
troubles," said Sir Arthur.

Harsh and blunt though forceful are the
ways of the Anglo-Saxon,
And never so blunt and forceful as when
someone's loading the tax on.

But ah, the felicitous Latins! How merry
their language, how mellow!

Indeed, a charming Italian is an awfully
charming fellow.

When you think of the things you've been
saying about the restriction of credit,
Now come, won't you alter your phrasing
and forget for the moment you said it?
And aren't you ashamed when you ponder
how deeply your words must sadden
The heart of a sensitive Treasurer (I refer
to Sir Arthur Fadden).

A prophet is not without honor—you
recall the rest of the saying.

And scant is his countrymen's honor to
the prophet who keeps them paying.
But the praise of the Signor was generous,
and why indeed should we grudge it?
And why indeed should the Signor? After
all, it isn't his Budget!

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cockroaches and all insect pests!

ETP2-31



FAMOUS Australian baritone John Brownlee and Mrs. Brownlee chat to Mrs. David Roper (right) at the Sydney Symphony Orchestra Committee's reception in their honor at the Royal Empire Society rooms.



LEAVING St. Philip's, Church Hill, are Peter Johnson, of Cremorne, and his bride, formerly Rosaline Long, of "Koorindah," Moree.



TO MARRY. Dr. Roger Dunlop, son of Dr. and Mrs. Leslie Dunlop, of Point Piper, and Primrose Anderson Stuart, daughter of Dr. B. P. Anderson Stuart and Mrs. E. C. Anderson Stuart, who will marry at St. Mark's, Darling Point, on June 12.

Social Gittings

WELCOME falls of rain in the New England district have put everyone in a party mood for the Glen Innes Picnic Race Meeting on March 12 and 13.

"We wouldn't have been half so enthusiastic if the drought hadn't broken," Mrs. Forbes Robertson-Cunningham, wife of the club president, told me.

Recent rains have also been just what the doctor ordered for the parched lawns of the New England Club, where Mr. and Mrs. Robertson-Cunningham will hold a cocktail party on the second race day, before the Race Club Ball.

Lots of folk from Armidale, including the president of Armidale Picnic Race Club, Mr. Norman Strelitz, and his wife, will attend.

The Armidale picnics were cancelled because of the dry weather.

The committee have decided to declare an early night for travel-weary visitors after the first day's racing, and have planned an informal buffet dinner-dance till 10 p.m.

However, diehards are sceptical of the committee's ability to convince the young people that they should stop dancing at that hour to conserve their energy for the rest of the festivities.

Local jazz enthusiast Dr. Bob Irwin is already performing his yearly task of getting a band together for the ball in the Show Pavilion.

Visitors will come from Inverell, Genterfield, Armidale, and Sydney, as well as the closer centres of Guyra, Deepwater, Emmaville, and Dundee.



HAPPY COUPLE. Bill Brown, of North Sydney, and his bride, formerly D'Arcy King, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank King, of "Yeral," Bingara, leave St. Mark's, Darling Point, after their wedding.



HOLIDAYS. Miss Rosemary Norrie, daughter of South Australian Governor, Sir Willoughby Norrie, with Lady Morhead, with whom she stayed for a brief holiday in Sydney.

PRETTY frocks of deep rose velvet were worn by Nancy Finlayson, Jennifer Kimmorley, and Rosemary McColl when they attended Anne McColl at her marriage to her cousin, Laird McColl, in Inverell. Anne's frock was of cream nylon net with a redingote of satin. A reception for 300 guests was held at "Inverell" station, home of Anne's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. McColl. Laird is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay McColl, of "Rylstone," Goondiwindi. They will live at "Wyandra," Charleville.

BALL dates . . . the Town and Country Ball on April 5 on board M.V. Neptunia and the Wool Ball on May 31 at Romano's in aid of the Peter Pan Free Kindergarten. Social secretary of the Town and Country committee, Elyne Walker-Smith, told me Captain Andreatta, of the Neptunia, now in Italy, has cabled that he and the ship's chief chef are concocting some super Italian dishes for the six-course dinner which will precede dancing. Among the country people to attend will be Mrs. W. MacPhillamy, who will bring a party from Bathurst. The ball will aid the Smith Family.

FASHION notes . . . the pretty navy-and-white spotted sheer frock and navy-and-white cloche hat which Barbara Saxton wore for shopping in town . . . the cute fur-trimmed hat which artist Jean Isherwood wore to the opening of the children's exhibition of Hans Andersen's fairy-tales at David Jones' art gallery. Jean made it of black velvet four years ago, and has brought it into fashion this year by wearing it sideways!



GUESTS at King's Cross Liberal Party Younger Set's dance at Double Bay were Angela O'Neill, of Chetwood, and Barry Egan.



ENGAGED. Diana Learmonth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eric Learmonth, of Toorak, and Keith Reid (both centre), of Bellevue Hill, with Mr. and Mrs. George Stoddale, of Toorak, at their engagement party in Melbourne given by Mr. and Mrs. Learmonth.



GARDEN PARTY. Mr. C. E. Hoy, vice-president of New Zealand Metropolitan Trotting Club, and Mrs. Hoy (right), with Mrs. R. G. Potts at the evening garden party at Harold Park during the Inter-Dominion Pacing Championships.

TOURING off the beaten track is the best way to travel, according to Mrs. C. Dewez, of Neutral Bay, who is on her way to Europe with her husband in the Stratheden. From Marseilles they will motor through the south of France and Italy, visiting lots of out-of-the-way places before making their way to Belgium to see relatives of Mr. Dewez. They will then go on to England, where Mrs. Dewez is particularly looking forward to staying with Mrs. Charles Atfield, formerly Ruth Dunlop, of Sydney, and her husband, on their farm at Hatchbeauchamp, near Taunton, in Somerset. Mrs. Dewez says that the Atfield's lovely old home was previously a millhouse, and the old millwheel is still there. Mr. and Mrs. Dewez will return to Sydney in September.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, Woolwich, has been chosen by Patricia Stubbin and Jo Levy for their marriage on April 12. They met last year when both were sailing to England to study. While there Jo took a degree in forestry at Edinburgh University, and Pat, a Master of Science at Sydney University, did research work at the Atomic Energy Establishment in Harwell. Pat is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Stubbin, of Hunter's Hill, and her fiancé comes from Kaiakohe, New Zealand.

NEWLYWEDS Reg McHugh, of Yamba, and his bride, formerly Shirley Hudson, of Newcastle, have a flat at Marrickville while both continue University studies.

Anna

New silhouettes for autumn

★ Six striking new silhouettes for autumn-into-winter. Note the wide, beautiful coats, the exaggerated tunic jacket line, the importance of sleeves, and lavish fur trims.

Presented by



● Formal suit, above, in green wool is highlighted with black astrakhan and black velvet. The trim is repeated for the barrel-shaped muff and pill-box cap worn back from the forehead.

● Highwayman's coat, above right, designed on flowing lines with an important double-cape collar. The hat, worn forward, has high-jutting feather trim and fine-mesh spotted face veil.

● Wide-skirted, belted coat, above, in one of the season's newest colors, rich brown. A superb flash of brilliant color is created by the tartan scarf panel.

...nn into winter

ed by *Petty Hup*



● Tiered sleeves make a perfect foil to the slim lines of the dress above. Note color combination — black with blue. It's new and subtle.

● An ultra exaggerated line for the tunic-jacket, above, designed with straight, loose sleeves. The jacket is worn with a slim, elegant skirt.

● High fashion alliance—the coat and dress ensemble, above right. The sleeves of the unbelted coat are emphasised by bands of beaver fur.

Dorothea Johnston

Come into the kitchen!

says

Betty King

Noted Home Economist of
World Brands Pty. Ltd.



HAVE YOU noticed the brand-new tingle in the air . . . the new interest in the question: "What's for dinner"? The pears are ripe and mellow as the warm autumn sun and the apples on the trees are crisp as frost. Autumn is the year's most generous season — let's celebrate her bounty in the kitchen!



Apple inspiration: Apple sauce with crisp grilled sausages or bacon . . . chopped apple in rissoles, in meat loaf, in pancake batter . . . a scooped-out

rosy apple filled with mayonnaise to make a pretty centrepiece for salad. Memo to the chef: smooth Vanilla Mellah—hot or cold—makes a perfect flavour team with apple pie!

Left in a Fix by the Weatherman's Tricks? Whether he turns on a chilly change or a tropical tantrum you're sure to please your public with a steaming bowl of soup. The first flavour-waiting whiff of Continental Chicken Noodle Soup brings families to the table at the double. And—wonder-working you!—it's perfectly home-cooked in 7 minutes.

More for our money appeals to us all—especially when it comes in such tempting form as Continental Chicken Noodle Soup. Did you realize that Continental brand works out more economically than soup made or bought in any other way? And from the very first sip you know that it's a better soup, too. Taste that delicately seasoned broth . . . taste those nourishing golden egg-noodles . . . taste that chicken!



Weather-wise menu
FOR MARCH
Continental Chicken Noodle Soup
Crusty Rolls
Grilled Meat Patties
Spring Onions, Radishes
Mellah Banana Split
Lipton Tea—hot or iced

lavish, special sundae sauces. And they're not a bit expensive, for she makes them all with Mellah! She gets a whole pint of sumptuous Chocolate or Butterscotch Sauce from only half a packet. (Thrifty cooks please copy!)



Congratulations and £10 to Mrs. F. Thomson of Belgium Park, Balranald, N.S.W., for her prize-winning Letter of the Month.

Dear Betty King:

I am a busy housewife and live on a large sheep grazing property, and often have to cope with meals for quite a number of men; and as all callers have a meal out here, I often say "Bless the makers of Continental Chicken Noodle Soup." Everyone praises this soup and I really don't know how I'd manage without it. Now the weather is quite warm up here but I'm still using Continental Chicken Noodle Soup.

Address all correspondence to Betty King, Box 2625, G.P.O., Sydney.

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You can be sure of the products endorsed by Betty King.



Be watching for Betty King's invitation to "COME INTO THE KITCHEN!"—she'll be back again next month!

WB.13.WWFP2

*Take it easy
make it easy*

. . . with our fixed-in-no time menu of the month. The party-perfect sweet tastes even more enticing than it looks—and it's typical of the treats you'll make with Mellah all year 'round. Simply served or frankly fancy, Mellah *always* makes a hit—and it's such a boon to mothers whose small fry won't drink milk. Have you served Mellah lately, by the way—alone or teamed with fruit, or as a quick and luscious filling for American Cream Pie?

Mr. Lovejoy is getting quite steamed up about our annual gymkhana . . . in fact, he's odds-on favourite for the Old Buffers' Race. "I'm in training," he confided over the fence. "And do you know what I'm doing?"

From the Lovejoy residence drifted a faint, ambrosial fragrance of Vanilla. "I'm eating Mellah!" said Mr. Lovejoy. "I figured that if it gives the kids so much energy it was the stuff for me. Mellah, 3 times a day." He gave a roguish twirl to his moustache. "And I never felt so skittish in my life!"

Mrs. Martin down the road is an ice cream sundae artist. She tops ice cream (and other sweets as well) with luscious,



JOHN shut the book with a slam. "Where does Miss Traill live?" he almost shouted.

Miss Wilson smiled sweetly. "Over on the North Shore—I couldn't say where."

John inclined his head politely, though he felt like snarling at her. "Thank you, Miss Wilson."

Sitting there, leaning on his elbows, his head dejectedly resting on his hands, John admitted to himself that he was desperately in love with Marguerite Traill, that he had probably lost her, and that anyhow she didn't love him.

But he would find her. Driving home, he looked across the harbor to the spreading buildings of the vast North Shore. If he had to comb every street and every block of flats, he'd find her. To think that for almost a year until a few days ago she had been in his very office, at his beck and call every day—well, officially, if not personally.

At the Cross, for no reason, he dropped in at Lon Benson's place. Lon greeted him abstractedly in some exaggerated period costume and waved

him offhandedly towards the drinks. John had forgotten it was the night of the Arts Ball.

"Should be coming, old boy," Lon fiddled with his curly wig before the strip-mirror over the mantel. "Three lovelies are doin' the Seven Veils and there's an Indian fakir."

John looked at him dispassionately. "You'll be running a temperature in all that upholstery."

Lon stopped fiddling and looked at him. "There's something wrong with you, ole man. You ought to see a doctor." As far as one could register solicitude he did.

But it soon passed and he was adjusting his neck ruff painstakingly. "Pass over the hand-mirror off the loughboy, will you?"

John passed it, slowly, almost reverently. He picked up his hat. "So long, Lon. Keep sober." And he walked out, whistling.

John headed back for the city and drove over the bridge. The Swan Mirror, he'd completely overlooked its possibilities. Eric would

Swan Mirror

Continued from page 4

tell him where he'd bought it and perhaps the antique dealer would have Marguerite's address.

He was whistling as he turned in at Marion's drive. "I'm taking a few days off," he told Miss Wilson next day. "Be back on Monday."

"Yes, sir. I wondered whether you had heard anything of Miss Traill?"

He looked at her sharply. Curse her; she was staring at the flat parcel on his desk as though she had X-ray eyes and could see the Swan Mirror through the brown paper.

But he tried hard. "Miss Traill?" he said vaguely, as though her identity eluded him. "Oh, Miss Traill. No—no. But she'll be back on the 10th."

"Will she?" Miss Wilson gathered her letters and left with a final suspicious glance at the parcel.

"Naturally!" he snapped.

But he forgot all this on the way out to Mascot. He was feeling exhilarated—triumphant. It hadn't been easy. Eric, his brother-in-law, had been helpful, but Marion had been decidedly difficult over relinquishing her beloved mirror, even on promise of other and lovelier treasures.

The old antique dealer had been vague and with a forgetfulness that to John's alert business mind bordered on imbecility. But finally John had elicited the all-important facts: the young lady had sold him the mirror and had left two addresses—one on the North Shore and the other at Camberwell, Melbourne, where she would be for a week or two.

And after much persuasion he produced them.

"Business trip to Melbourne, Mr. Mowbray?" The airport official knew him.

John nodded. "Yes," he grinned. "Wish me luck."

A little breeze shivered the lime-green leaves along the St. Kilda Road that morning, and the flower beds were twined ribbons of brilliant colors. He drove through Toorak, where gracious homes lined the broad streets, and out towards Camberwell.

A young woman opened the door of the picturesque white bungalow. She was so like Marguerite that he knew she must be her sister. Her smile was friendly. "Marguerite has often spoken of you," she said, and the merriment in her eyes made him wonder just what Marguerite had said.

"I was in Melbourne on business," he lied, "and I thought I'd drop in to see how she is."

The young woman, Alice Lennox, she said she was, looked puzzled. "How did you know she had come home for the operation, after all?"

He looked her in the eye. "Something told me," he said.

They both laughed. Over a cup of coffee he learned that Marguerite was better and coming home at the weekend. He learned a lot more about the two girls, how they had flattered together in Melbourne after their mother's death until Alice had married and Marguerite had taken a job in Sydney.

"But she's been so lonely there," Alice said. "I hope she comes back here to live."

Cure found for stroke

PEOPLE hopelessly paralysed by a stroke may recover completely within a few days, thanks to a French treatment.

The treatment is cheap and relatively safe. It consists of injections of local anaesthetic into a nerve centre at the base of the neck.

Dr. Rene Leriche discovered the treatment in 1932, but it took many years for other doctors to undertake it with success. Last year the University of California Hospital reported the results of the treatment on 500 patients over the preceding three years. The results were amazing—complete relief of symptoms in 55 per cent. of cases, fair results in 30 per cent., and complete failure in 15 per cent.

A.M. for March, now on sale, tells you the absorbing story of Leriche's discovery and his long battle for recognition.

Lonely! Marguerite! Hard to believe, but sweet music to John. He grinned at Alice. "You look so pleased to be here," she teased him.

"I am," he said.

It was not until he was in the hospital foyer that it occurred to him to wonder whether Marguerite would be pleased, too.

He wished now he had brought flowers, but he hadn't given it a thought. They might have helped. He clasped the swan mirror a little more firmly. Somehow he was banking heavily on the late Sophia of Hungary and her beautiful swan.

Following the sister along the carpeted corridor he planned the whole thing out, on a business-efficiency basis. He would keep the interview light and airy, skim along the surface of things so that he had the situation in hand until he saw how Marguerite felt about this visit.

So he walked in cheerily, with the line that earlier he had handed to Alice. "Good-morning, Miss Traill." He smiled at her and saw she was smiling, too—a wonderful smile of genuine pleasure that caused his heart to flutter. "I was in Melbourne on business and wondered how you were."

She nodded thoughtfully. "I'm very well now, thank you, Mr. Mowbray."

"And—for the life of him he couldn't keep his voice quite smooth—"I found the little parcel you—er—lost."

Marguerite's hands were shaking as she unwrapped it. She drew her breath sharply. "The Swan Mirror—but—" She raised eyes that sparkled with laughter over a glint of tears. "How did you know—and how did you find the shop?"

He grinned. "Happened to be there on business."

She laughed happily. The eyes of the swan seemed to wink as she raised the mirror.

Then John's arms were round her and his lips were kissing hers. Over his shoulder Marguerite saw the nurse come in—saw her look of amazement and stern disapproval.

With her cheek against John's she smiled serenely. "He—he happened to be here on business," she explained.

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Choose a powder base that is greaseless, colorless, sheer. Pond's Vanishing Cream is a perfect foundation. Misty white in the jar, completely greaseless, it suits all skin tones. Lightly smooth on a thin film before powder. The Cream disappears—leaves your skin with a velvety quality that keeps make-up exquisite. You scarcely feel that you're wearing make-up, it looks so naturally lovely, feels so fresh—yet clings!



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INTERNAL CLEANSNESS
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TEENA



ARIES (March 21-April 20): Opportunities for personal advancement, the satisfactory progress of a friendship, or minor changes in surroundings may mark March 14. Stay in your corner on March 16.

TAURUS (April 21-May 20): Romance with a capital "R." Both the young and not-so-young should find March 14 full of glamor. Put on your best clothes, Miss Taurus, and step out. March 17 a let-down.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): Acting with all the goodwill in the world on March 12 and 13 you can get into all kinds of grief at home, with the boss, or with a friend. Lie low until March 18.

CANCER (June 22-July 22): Any transaction in property, removals, and holiday travel are under smiling stars on March 12 and 16, when decisions should be made. Follow your own ideas.

LEO (July 23-August 22): Luck may well be a factor in your life this week. You may find a lost article, recover a sum of money, or gain an unexpected advantage on March 12 or 16. You'll enjoy yourself.

VIRGO (August 23-September 23): You are more popular than you suppose in your little world. Enlarge the scope of your activities on March 13 and win applause on March 18. It will be music to you.

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As I read the Stars

By
EVE HILLIARD

LIBRA (September 24-October 23): Energy devoted to practical matters on March 14 will be well rewarded, particularly along social lines. March 17, however, may be a wash-out.

SCORPIO (October 24-November 22): A mild risk on March 14 in a speculative enterprise could have pleasing results, but don't try to put it all up on March 17.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.]

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 20): A roistering sort of week, with much coming and going. You'll have fun and games, with the prospect of more in the future. March 18 tops.

CAPRICORN (December 21-January 19): Want to up your standing in business or social circles? Perfect plans on March 13, but don't set the wheels turning until March 17. You're due for a nice piece of praise.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 19): Some o, you will feel your whole basis of security is in question on March 13. Walk softly and be silent. On March 15 you'll view things differently and with confidence.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): Concentrate on practical matters rather than emotions. Try to improve your financial position on March 14. March 18 may bring a gift.

OUR GARDENING SERVICE

READERS may obtain leaflets on subjects of current interest to home gardeners by sending this coupon with a stamped, addressed envelope to Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Any ONE of the following titles may be selected:
● Orchid Culture is Interesting and Simple.
● How, When, and Where to Plant Bulbs.
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Name of leaflet (one only)

Stamped (3d.), addressed envelope is enclosed.

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Easier to apply! No wet sponge—no greasy fingertips! Just smooth on Angel Face with its own downy puffet. You'll love its glamorous finish—softer than cake make-up—and *not* drying!

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Angel Face has its own downy-soft puffet. 5 angel-sweet shades. At better beauty counters everywhere.

**Tipped for 1951
Academy Award:**

"STREETCAR"

★ A strong contender for 1951 Academy Award honors, which will be announced on March 20, is Warners' screen version of Tennessee Williams' Pulitzer Prize play "A Streetcar Named Desire."

New York drama critics have already selected it as the best film of 1951.

Stars Vivien Leigh and Marlon Brando are also favored for "Best Actress" and "Best Actor" Oscars.

The film, a drama of life in America's deep south, was directed by Elia Kazan, who also staged the play on Broadway.



VIVIEN LEIGH as Blanche Dubois and Marlon Brando as Stanley Kowalski in the movie version of "A Streetcar Named Desire." Vivien's natural beauty is hidden under dingy make-up.



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A snug fitting waist for
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ARRID

DON'T BE HALF-SAFE. BE ARRID-SAFE.
USE ARRID—TO BE SURE!

Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★ Tales of Hoffmann

IN "Tales of Hoffmann"
Britain's Michael
Powell and Emeric Press-
burger offer a gargantuan
technicolored feast of
fantasy-opera mixed with
ballet and garnished with
lavish costumes and decor.

Their experiment in com-
bining many theatrical arts in
a single complex pattern of
sound and movement makes
an indigestible dish.

Taken separately on their
own merits the music, ballet,
mime, puppetry, and fabulous
fluid decor in which the film
abounds may stand up to criti-
cism, but assessed as a unit of
movie entertainment "Hoff-
mann" is bizarre, confused,
and mechanical.

The evil and sorcery in the
power of love provides the
main story line, and not a
word of natural dialogue is
spoken throughout the film.

The unhappy spirit of
"Hoffmann" is captured in
three guises—that of a lifelike
marionette, a Venetian cour-

tesan, and a young girl for
whom death holds mystic fas-
cination.

An evil genius pursues each
of these characters; there is a
nightmarish quality about his
implacable triumph over each
one in turn.

Poor Hoffmann never wins,
and is apparently fated to
remain lonely and loveless
until the end.

Such dancers as Moira
Shearer, Ludmilla Tcherina,
Leonide Massine, and Robert
Helfmann enact the story in
terms of ballet and mime.

For screen purposes they
have been matched up—with
varying success—with the off-
screen voices of Dorothy
Bond, Margherita Grandi,
Graham Clifford, and Bruce
Dargavel.

American Robert Roun-
ville, Hoffman of the piece,
is the only performer who
actually does what he appears
to be doing—singing—and this
he does rather well.

The London Philharmonic
Orchestra conducted by Sir
Thomas Beecham plays the
Offenbach score.

In Sydney—Embassy.

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CAPITOL.—★ "Danger Signal," melodrama, starring
Zachary Scott, Fay Emerson. Plus "Three Strangers,"
starring Peter Lorre, Geraldine Fitzgerald. (Both re-
leases.)

CENTURY.—★ "The Blue Veil," drama, starring Jane
Wyman, Richard Carlson, Charles Laughton. Plus
featurettes.

CIVIC.—★ "Green Grass of Wyoming," racing adventure,
starring Lon McCallister, Peggy Cummings. Plus "Deep
Waters," drama, starring Dana Andrews, Jean Peters.
(Both re-releases.)

EMBASSY.—★ "Tales of Hoffmann," musical fantasy
based on Offenbach's opera, starring Moira Shearer,
Robert Helfmann, Robert Rounville. (See review this
page.) Plus featurettes.

ESQUIRE.—★ "Bitter Rice," Italian melodrama, starring
Silvano Mangano, Victor Gassmann, Doris Dowling.
Plus featurettes.

LIBERTY.—★ "The Light Touch," romantic comedy,
starring Stewart Granger, Pier Angeli, George Sanders.
Plus "Shadow in the Sky," drama, starring Jean Hagen.

LYRIC.—★ "Francis Goes to the Races," comedy, starring
Donald O'Connor, Piper Laurie, Francis the mule. (Re-
lease.) Plus "Hit the Ice."

MAYFAIR.—★ "Let's Make It Legal," domestic comedy,
starring Claudette Colbert, Macdonald Carey. Plus
"Lilli Marlene," starring Lisa Daniels.

PLAZA.—★ "Dallas," Western adventure in technicolor,
starring Gary Cooper, Ruth Roman. Plus "Prisoners
in Petticoats."

REGENT.—★ "The Day the Earth Stood Still," science-
fiction drama, starring Michael Rennie, Patricia Neal.
Plus "Queen for a Day."

SAVOY.—★ "La Ronde," sophisticated French comedy,
starring Danielle Darrieux, Anton Walbrook. Plus
featurettes.

ST. JAMES.—★ "Rio Rita," comedy, starring Bud Abbott,
Lou Costello, Kathryn Grayson. Plus "Go West," Marx
Brothers' comedy. (Both re-releases.)

STATE.—★ "Trio," selection of Somerset Maugham
short stories, starring Jean Simmons, Nigel Patrick,
James Hayter. Plus special Royal featurettes.

VARIETY.—★ "Unwanted Women," Continental drama
of women's D.P. camps, starring Simone Simon, Valen-
tina Cortese, Francoise Rosay. Plus "Over the Moon,"
starring Rex Harrison, Merle Oberon.

VICTORY.—★ "Pool of London," underworld drama,
starring Bonar Colleano, Susan Shaw. Plus "No Trace,"
starring Hugh Sinclair.

Films not yet reviewed

LYCEUM.—★ "Tony Draws a Horse," romantic comedy,
starring Ann Crawford, Cecil Parker, Mervyn Johns.
Plus special Royal featurettes.

PALACE.—★ "No Highway in the Sky," modern adventure,
starring James Stewart, Marlene Dietrich, Jane Wyman.
Plus featurettes.

PARK.—★ "The Racket," crime melodrama, starring Robert
Mitchum, Robert Ryan, Elizabeth Scott. Plus "Dynamite
Pass," a Tim Holt Western.

PRINCE EDWARD.—★ "Rhubarb," comedy, starring Ray
Milland, Jan Sterling, Gene Lockhart. Plus featurettes.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 12, 1952



1 COMMANDING forces in an Italian town during the war of 1848, Larocco (Anthony Quinn), left, is found to be a traitor by Count Dimorna (Wilton Graff), centre. Fearing exposure, Larocco kills Dimorna.



2 INJURED by townsfolk, who believe Larocco's story that Dimorna was a traitor, Dimorna's son Renato (John Derek), left, amazes his sweetheart, Maria (Jody Lawrence), by belief in his father's guilt.

MASK OF THE AVENGER



3 RESISTING Larocco's tyranny, Rollo D'Antorras (Eugene Iglesias), centre, is helped by sympathetic Maria. They are saved from arrest by an unknown, masked intruder.

SKILFUL swordplay and hand-to-hand battles keep action moving in Columbia's technicolor adventure "The Mask of the Avenger," which uses the Austro-Italian War of the late 1840's as background.

In the leading role, newcomer John Derek appears as a young Italian nobleman who exposes a traitor by taking up the sword of the Count of Monte Cristo, founder of the town.

Italian Renaissance fresco work, panelling, and statuary are features of the opulent interior scenes.



4 DISABLED, Renato is suspected of being the masked raider by Larocco's aide, Coloradi (Arnold Moss).



5 ARMED with the Count of Monte Cristo's "sword of justice," the masked raider opposes Larocco, helped by Rollo, Zio (Harry Cording), and Maria. To their delight the raider is Renato.



6 TOWNSMEN do not trust the masked raider at first but they rally to him en masse when Larocco reveals himself as the real traitor by handing the town's fort over to the enemy. Unmasking, Renato organises resistance.



7 OVERTAKING the coach in which Larocco escapes before the townsfolk succeed in retaking the fort, Renato finds that Maria is Larocco's captive, but he is thrown from the vehicle before he can help her.



8 FENCING skill displayed by Maria prevents Larocco's escape. She seizes Renato's sword and kills Larocco in a duel. Maria then turns her attention to injured Renato and together they return to the city.

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LEADING stores from Perth to Brisbane proudly display the trade mark "Dominex" — knowing that through forty years Dominex quality has become a tradition with women who appreciate fine clothes.

D.I. 52

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WEST AUSTRALIA: Bradford Insulation (W.A.) Ltd. 10 Elizabeth Street, Fremantle.

B.I. 35



Schiaparelli says "Have an all-wool wardrobe"

In Schiaparelli's own words "Wool is the smartest and most practical fabric. It is the answer to everybody's problem—comfort." She says: "The perfect all-wool wardrobe should consist of:

A real tweed country suit.

A grey flannel informal and travelling suit.

A grey tweed travelling (and sports) coat—cut wide and lined with a contrast—grey and yellow check for instance.

A grey jersey dress (which may be worn with same coat).

A black formal suit in tightly woven wool.

A bright red town coat—more effective than black, and useful for both cocktail and evening wear.

A black jersey cocktail dress—cut with an adjustable neckline which transforms it into a dinner design.

A navy broadcloth evening frock—less harsh and more flattering than black—slim, décolleté, ground-length.

A white flannel housecoat casually tailored in a feminine line—also an adjustable neckline so that it can be worn for intimate dinners."

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 12, 1952

YOUR MOUTH IS A MIRROR

The condition of your tongue is a guide to the events taking place in your digestive system. If all is in order, your tongue is clean, your mouth feels fresh. But if your system's sluggish, your tongue becomes coated, your mouth feels thick, sour and unpleasant. That's when you need a sparkling glass of Andrews Liver Salt! This pleasant-tasting laxative cleans and freshens the mouth, stimulates digestion, and keeps your system free from clogging food wastes. Andrews puts a sparkle in your life!



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DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

The 1952 crop of autumn and winter evening fabrics includes numbers of rustling silks. This fabric news will solve a problem for the young reader whose letter appears below.

"I AM making my debut in June at a small private function and am anxious to know if white taffeta would be suitable for my frock, which is being made at home. We would like a simple but pretty style, with a paper pattern."

White silk taffeta would be charming for your dress. Furthermore, a crisp-textured fabric is an incoming fashion. The design I have chosen is illustrated at right. I select it because it's what I call a "long-term investment" dress, simple enough to wear all this season and again next year. The embroidered motif on the cross-over bodice is optional. The skirt follows fashion's current line with its wide hemline. I do hope you will like the style sufficiently well to copy. A paper pattern for the design is obtainable in 32in. to 38in. bust. The panel at the top of the page will tell you where and how to order.



Pretty negligee

"WILL you please assist me with my fashion problem? I am searching for an idea for a trossau negligee to be made in featherweight wool. I would like something very pretty and new in style, also color suggestion."

The newest negligees are designed on straight, loose, flowing lines. The fullness can fall straight from the shoulders of from a shirred or smocked yoke. The garment can be worn floating free, or can be belted with a self sash. Beige wool with ruby-red satin lining and pale water-green with a rose-pink lining are two charming color combinations.

DRESS SENSE PATTERNS

WHEN ordering a paper pattern for the design illustrated, address your letter to Mrs. Betty Keep, "Dress Sense," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Enclose the illustration of the design and 6/6, cost of pattern.

BE SURE TO GIVE FULL ADDRESS, INCLUDING THE STATE YOU LIVE IN, AND ALSO SUPPLY SIZE. C.O.D. ORDERS WILL NOT BE ACCEPTED.

I will be glad to advise you in my column on any fashion problem.

WHITE taffeta evening dress in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust requires 9yds. 36in. material. Price 6/6.

Informal outfit

"WHAT do you consider correct to wear at an informal evening at home? My husband and I do quite a bit of entertaining among our own circle. I generally wear a day frock, but have decided to get a special outfit."

A skirt and separate top will solve your problem perfectly, and will give you the maximum of comfort, fashion, and utility. This type of ensemble can be formal or casual. However, a good middle course is a ballerina skirt in velveteen, made with ten shaped gores, worn over a crinoline or some type of stiffened petticoat, plus a top. The "top" could be in a variety of materials. I see by your letter you come from the south, so my suggestion would be wool jersey made with bathing sleeves.

Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.



"MELISSA"

"AMANDA"

"MELISSA"—A smart one-piece, with a white pique collar accent, obtainable in striped cotton. The color choice includes blue and white, green and white, and red and white.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 73/3; 36in. and 38in. bust, 76/-.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 52/9; 36in. and 38in. bust, 54/6. Postage and registration, 3/9 extra.

"AMANDA"—An attractive afternoon dress obtainable in "gem" satin-back crepe. The color choice includes hazel-blue, jester-pink, grey, tan, spiced-honey, wine, brown, navy, and black.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 117/3; 36in., 38in., and 40in. bust, 119/6.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 77/9; 36in., 38in., and 40in. bust, 79/6. Postage and registration, 3/9 extra.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail send to address given on page 55.

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UP in the cockpit of the Sealing, Martha had apparently accepted the fact that divers at work are not talkative people.

She'd stopped calling to him and was cheerfully whistling a tune they'd danced to the night before. In fact, it was the one they'd been playing a month ago at the dance when he had asked her to marry him.

He decided he couldn't do it. He couldn't possibly tell her. Not just yet, anyway. Suddenly he wanted only to chat with her, calmly, cheerfully—to tell her the many nice and flattering things he might have said during all the hours he'd talked of diving.

"Did I ever tell you, Martha, that Tom Brown told me, even before I met you, that you were quite the prettiest girl he'd ever seen? That for a while, just at first, I was jealous of Tom because he'd known you first?"

The whistling had broken off with his first word. There was a pause after he finished speaking. Then: "John, have you gone crazy? Are you sure you're getting enough air down there? What's the matter with you?"

John forced a laugh, with less effort than he'd thought possible. He hoped it sounded as natural in her ears as it did in his. "Just now coming to my senses, darling. When I think of all the time I've wasted talking about less important things, I could—"

Martha was instantly and thoroughly alarmed. "Johnny! You're in trouble! And you're trying to cover it with sweet talk."

Caught completely off guard by the suddenness of her accusation, he delayed his denial a fraction of a second too long.

And in a moment he was telling her the truth, telling her, with a sort of foolish, loving bravado, that it didn't really matter too much. That he'd never been one to be overly afraid of diving.

Then, ignoring her frantic protests, he was reminding her what not to do when sailing a boat like the Sealing. He told her about the too sensitive helm, warned her of the danger of jibing.

He hoped she was listening and remembering. He didn't realise she'd stopped her crying until she shouted in sudden, blind fury, "Johnny—stop it!"

He thought then for a minute that she was going to start crying again. But her voice, once she'd managed to silence him, became remarkably matter-of-fact.

"Listen to me now, Johnny," she said. "You told me once that a diver's position was never really hopeless, provided he was conscious and able to think things out. Just — just what's wrong down there?"

Reluctantly he told her, and immediately, as he'd feared, she came back with the right answer, the dangerous but proper procedure called for by such a situation—under any normal conditions.

"But, Johnny, you've told me." His own words, repeated more than once in the months gone by, came back to him from the open cockpit up above: "... Build up the pressure in your suit; then cut the air hose. You'll have a minute or two to get out of your shoes and drop your belt weights. There'll be enough air pressure in your suit to

Sea Trap

Continued from page 5

bring you to the surface, and I—I'll drag you into the boat before you lose buoyancy."

The break in her voice, the slight hesitation when she came to the part she must play, told him that she, herself, had spotted the fatal flaw in that plan.

One of the Navy experiences he hadn't told her was the time he'd watched two husky tenders fight to keep hand-holds on a bobbing, slippery helmet that had suddenly gone heavy with deflated air.

"Don't, Martha. Please don't make it tougher for both of us. You know as well as I that we couldn't possibly make it work. This way will be easier, darling, better. We'll talk for a while, then—"

He broke off as he somehow sensed that she wasn't listening.

"Martha! Can you hear me? Martha..." It was minutes before she answered him.

"It's all right, Johnny. I'm ready now." She sounded breathless, as though from some unaccustomed physical effort. "I've stepped up the compressor. Open your intake valve to full."

He groaned. "Can't you see it's impossible, Martha? Even the best tenders in the Navy, with every kind of equipment, after taking every precaution, sometimes fail to pull off a stunt like this. Even if you managed to grab my helmet, could somehow hold on to it, it would do no good. As long as the helmet stayed fastened to the suit, I'd still be suffocating. You'd only—"

Coolly, tightly, she cut him off. "In exactly one minute, Johnny, I'm shutting off the compressor motor. Unless you want to leave me with the memory that I murdered you, you'd better fill your suit while the air's still coming!"

IN a voice that was finally beginning to break she started to count off the remaining seconds. A sense of blind, unreasoning urgency swept him and he snapped the intake valve wide open, felt the quick upward rush of cold air about his face.

And Martha, perversely, began to sob again. "Johnny! I can hear the air coming into your suit. Thank you, darling, you're going to try!"

Johnny loosened the clamps on his metal shoes, partly freed the buckle that held the weighted belt around his waist. Then, sheath knife in hand, he groped for the length of lines and brought them close before the glass face-plate.

"Don't try too hard, Martha—and don't feel too bad. If I pop up high enough, right beside the boat, I may be able to grab the rail and hold on. Have the bolt wrench ready to loosen my helmet. If I miss, Martha, don't try to hold me up. It'll be harder for me that way—"

He had trouble severing the tough life line. Then he was slashing and cutting at his air hose, and though he knew that the safety valve would keep the water out, he felt a sort of sick horror as he saw it part. In seconds he had thrown the belt from his waist, was kicking free of his shoes, was rising.

"Steady, Martha. I'm on my way." He spoke aloud, forgetting that his phone wire

was gone with hose and life line.

Then he saved his breath and tried to watch for the shadow of the boat overhead. The water about him grew brighter, but not with the speed that would indicate a sufficiently rapid ascent.

He floated upward with agonising slowness, and he found his hand reaching automatically for the intake valve which, if he opened it now, would admit water instead of air.

"It's not going to work, Martha," he thought. "Don't try anything foolish."

The sudden flood of bright white light told him that he was at the surface. Lack of all motion told him, too, that his helmet was as high above the water as it would go before starting to sink back down.

He blinked his eyes to adjust them to the light. Nowhere could he see the boat, and he was suddenly glad that he had not come close enough for Martha to have made her futile, dangerous try to grab and hold.

Something brushed down before his face-plate, and a moment later he felt firm, holding pressure beneath his arms. It was not a girl's weak, fumbling hands. It was strong and sure, and it somehow held him just above the surface as the air in his helmet began to thin and the first air hunger seized his lungs.

Then Martha's face was, unaccountably, just beyond the face plate, looking in. She was beside him in the sea, treading water and touching his shoulder with her left hand to raise her body higher. He jerked his head sideways, just squeezing his eyes shut as the heavy wrench, swung with all the strength of her right arm, crushed against the glass.

He felt the sharp, quick pain of flying, cutting glass, but the blessed outside air came with it—and he dragged it deep. Then Martha was clinging to him with both hands while the rope beneath his arms bumped him gently against the side of the dinghy supporting them both.

"The hawser, Johnny — I had an awful time getting it out of the forepeak. Then I almost fell overboard when I tied one end of it to the dinghy's forward seat. When you said you were coming up, I shoved off, watching for your air bubbles. Then I saw you, and I almost died for fear I couldn't get the rope under your arms in time — get it fastened to the other seat."

Her eyes fell before his. "I took an awful chance of blinding you, Johnny — but I couldn't think of any other way."

John tried to pat her shoulder, then remembered the rope beneath his arms, and decided he'd better wait.

In a little while, when they'd both rested a bit, she could crouch above him in the small boat and take her time getting the helmet off. He was thankful now that he had talked so often of diving, when he might have talked of love. But he was through with diving.

As for the other, the years of his life stretched once more before him, bright and promising. He wouldn't make the same mistake twice.

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I'm Here Beside You

JON met Anne on her way back from work, and they walked home together. She was very quiet, and he had a resigned, hopeless look about him.

Once or twice during the evening he eyed her curiously. "Is anything wrong?" he asked presently, as they dried dishes together. "I suppose we aren't by any chance both of us out of work?"

"Silly!" She kissed his cheek quickly. "Camille couldn't do without me."

All the same, the thought haunted her. If ever they found out, Camille would do without her, all right.

Dawn was grey in the sky before she finally slept. At seven, Jon got up as usual. Since he still had no job, he insisted on doing the flat and getting Anne's breakfast.

Mostly she awoke when he did. To-day she lay with closed eyes, and he crept out without waking her. He filled the kettle. Then, finding no matches to light the gas, picked up Anne's bag and felt around in it for the usual neat little packet.

Something scratched him, and he pulled out the diamond clip. Just for a moment he felt as he had never done in his life before—he felt mighty faint.

It was so obvious what had happened. Anne had found someone else, someone rich, worthy of her, able to give her this sort of present. He stood with it in his hand, his face working. He was standing there when she awoke and saw him.

"Where did you get it?" he asked, quietly. "Who gave it to you?"

She knew in a flash what he was thinking. Not for a single minute could he entertain the possibility that she was a thief. She laughed, silly with relief.

"Oh, that! It belongs to old Lady Bandfort. She left it in the fitting-room, she's always leaving things behind. I have to take it back to her this morning. You'll have to telephone Camille's for me, and explain why I'm late."

He knelt down beside her, put his arms about her and hid his face against her.

Well, she thought, gratefully, that old clip did some good! There would be no holiday, no moonlit walks or long sunny days on the beach together. But it meant something to be thought the kind of girl rich men give diamonds to!

Lady Bandfort lived in an elegant mansion standing in its own grounds, north of London.

Lady Bandfort herself opened the door.

From beneath the unconvincing golden wig, the oddly young eyes peered out at Anne, vainly trying to recognise her.

"My clip! Did I lose it? How stupid of me," said Lady Bandfort. "Why, of course, I remember now. For the moment I had forgotten all about it. When you reach my age, dear, you will find you become quite forgetful. And you brought it back to me yourself! How very nice of you! Come along in and have some coffee with me. I was just going to have some."

"Such difficult days, aren't they?" sighed Lady Bandfort.

Continued from page 7

"Once I had ten servants here. Now I have no one but old nannie, and there is so much to look after. Do you take sugar?"

"No, thank you," said Anne.

"There you are then," cried Lady Bandfort, absently-mindedly putting in two lumps. "Now, this is very nice. I am often very lonely, dear. When you reach my age, not many people come to see you any more. I don't know where they have all got to. Dead, I suppose."

She helped herself to a biscuit.

"Never mind about me. Tell me about yourself. To be so young, so gay, so very pretty. To spend your life wearing such beautiful clothes, and wearing them so well, too. How I envy you!"

Anne laughed. She had very little idea what Lady Bandfort was talking about. A curious thing began to happen. Lady Bandfort's voice began to get faint and far away, like a voice in a dream. Lady Bandfort herself dwindled and dwindled, until she, too, went out with a plop, like a blown candle, and it was suddenly dark.

"You fainted!" cried Lady Bandfort. She was bending over Anne applying smelling salts.

"Now why on earth should you faint on a beautiful morning like this? Without rhyme or reason. Of course! I know what it is. You're going to have a baby!"

"Oh, goodness, I hope not!" Anne said unsteadily.

LADY BANDFORT turned on her angrily. "Oh, you foolish girl!" she said. "You don't know how silly you are to say such a thing! To have the chance of a baby and not take it! Do you think I would be the miserable, lonely, silly old woman I am if I hadn't made just the same mistake?"

Slow tears ploughed their way through the make-up on her cheeks.

"If we had had children, it would have been different. But I was like you. I was afraid of spoiling my figure. I didn't want to drop out of things! Don't you give way to those silly ideas. Beauty doesn't last anyway, and unless you've something else . . ."

She stopped short, astonished. For Anne was sitting up now, laughing at her. Laughing wildly, almost hysterically.

"Don't be funny!" she gasped. "Don't make me laugh myself to death! Have a baby! Isn't it the one thing we've wanted ever since we were married? I was to go on working just for a month or two, till we'd finished paying the furnishing bills. But then Jon lost his job and his health is too bad to take another for a while."

Her voice broke suddenly, and she began to cry.

"If I have a baby now, what would happen? I'd lose my job. That wasn't why I fainted. No such luck!"

She sobbed. "I've been worried sick, what with having to give up our holiday, and then I didn't have any breakfast. I don't care if you do know. I meant to steal your clip and sell it so that we could get

down to the sea, only Jon found it . . . So, of course, I had to bring it back."

"Oh, dear, I'm glad you didn't do that, dear," said Lady Bandfort, breathlessly. "You'd have regretted it so much. It never pays to be dishonest."

"I wish I knew what did pay, these days," said Anne, wearily. "I'm sorry. I shouldn't have told you all this. You aren't angry, are you? Please don't be angry with me, and don't tell them at Camille's. If you do, I'll lose my job, too."

"Of course I'm not angry, dear," Lady Bandfort said. "I'd like to help you, and something has just struck me. I have a cottage on the beach at Wantingford. You can have it for as long as you like. No one ever goes there now, but I think the refrigerator is working."

Anne stared at her, hardly believing she'd heard aright.

"I'd be glad to feel the place was of use to someone," Lady Bandfort went on. "What did you say that husband of yours is—an accountant? I don't promise anything of it, but the chemical people have a big factory down there. My husband was a director. I know they employ accountants and have difficulty in getting good men, because it's so far from town. I could give him a letter of introduction. Of course, nothing may come of it."

Anne said: "Oh . . ." She caught Lady Bandfort's hand in hers. "You don't know what this means . . . I don't know how I can ever thank you."

It was hope born anew—it was the holiday—it was somewhere they could go at the week-ends. It might be a job for Jon. If it were, it meant she could give up her job and just be a wife and look after him.

"Don't expect much, you know," cried Lady Bandfort. "You'll probably think it very dull. No smart hotels, no pier or bandstands."

"Suits me," said Anne. "I've no clothes for smart hotels."

Lady Bandfort looked at her, with her head on one side, like a wise bird.

"If you wouldn't be offended, dear, I'd like to give you something. It's a thing I bought in a foolish moment. It was so lovely I couldn't help myself, but as soon as I got it home I knew it was wrong for me."

Returning with the white pleated chiffon over her arm, the one of Camille's models Anne had always so coveted, she said: "It will probably fit you. And you'll look as lovely in it as I would have liked to."

She gave the girl an impulsive kiss.

"There you are, bless you! And let me know how things go. I'll have the cottage ready whenever you say, and it's yours for as long as you want it."

She picked up the diamond and sapphire clip and held it in the palm of her hand, smiling at it puckishly.

"I am so glad you didn't try to sell it, dear. You see, it's not real. You wouldn't have got more than a few pounds for it. But no one would ever guess, would they?" cried Lady Bandfort, holding it out triumphantly so that it caught the light.

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1920

The Red Centre

Continued from page 9

PATIENTLY, Martin explained, "These things can't do any damage. They're harmless in themselves and they're guided and controlled."

"As long as they fall in the Centre," the stationmaster said, "nobody'll get hurt, only the natives."

Martin let it go and for a minute there was silence. Then the stationmaster stood up and peered at Martin closely. He said critically, "You need a clean-up, but you'll get it on the train. Going right through to Adelaide, are you?"

"I hope," Martin said. "I've got to wire particulars about you to Port Pirie," the stationmaster explained. "Your name and address."

When Martin had supplied these, a bell tinkled in the office and the stationmaster moved away. Later he came out with a bill of tea and he was throwing the dregs out on the track when the stock train whistled. He turned to Martin.

"These stock trains smell a bit," he said. "If you're fussy you want to stand off."

Martin grinned and watched the headlight coming up the track. It took a long time to approach. As it pulled past on the siding he saw that two open trucks attached to the engine were occupied by natives. It was their privilege to ride that way across the desert when the spirit moved them, and they were restless folk.

Martin got up when the train stopped and took a look at the sheep. They were quiet and still. He reached through the bars and dug his fingers into a fleece. It was deep and warm.

Then he started when a voice spoke at his elbow.

"Got a light, mate?" Martin withdrew his hand from the truck and felt in his pocket. He turned as he proffered a book of matches and took a good look at the man. He had learned to detect sounds on the desert, but the man had approached soundlessly.

In the dim light cast by the station's oil-burning lamps, he saw that the man was tall and thin, and when he struck a match to light a cigarette Martin saw a hard face with stubble that wasn't quite a beard. He had high cheek-bones, and a scar ran from below his left eye to the corner of his mouth through the stubble.

He was lighting his cigarette left-handed.

Martin asked conversationally, "How are the sheep riding?"

The match was blown out suddenly and tossed away.

"Pretty good."

The train crews wore uniform, but this man was in shabby denim. He held out the book of matches to Martin.

"Keep them," Martin offered. "I've got plenty."

"Okay." It was brief and almost surly. He thrust the matches into his pocket and walked off, towards the engine. After a moment Martin started to stroll the other way.

There were men climbing out of the guard's van, stretching their legs. They said, "Good-day, mate," in cheerful voices, very friendly and so unlike the other man.

Martin stayed with them yarning until the headlight of the passenger train showed up like a pinpoint way down the track. The surly fellow didn't rejoin the party. When Martin boarded the train the lights were dim in the corridors and observation car.

The observation car was divided into smoking and reading sections, with a piano in the latter. Both the dining-car and this one were air-conditioned, but while Martin slept in a large club chair through the night the plant was dead.

AFTER he had opened the door leading to the diner and allowed some fresh air to run free in the sealed car, Martin slept well enough. The noise of the wheels was greater, but he had slept too long in the open now to settle in a vacuum.

He awoke quickly when the piano and a voice joined the symphony of wheels as it did somewhere around dawn. He stared for a moment at the row of windows opposite, getting used to the awakening, feeling rather stiff and irritable.

Out through the window the clumps of salt bush were like a strip of stage scenery on an endless belt, punctuated at regular intervals by short iron telegraph posts carrying a few wires. The sun wasn't up yet and the desert looked dull and cold, and there were patches that could only be water and not mirages.

There had been rain in this section, too, and it was odd to see the pools lying in the desert. That could only happen to a desert with a limestone base.

Farther north, the sand would have soaked it up. But here it stayed on the surface, and after a few days there would be grass growing lushly, emerald designs on a faded yellow carpet. But it wouldn't last long. The sun would soon scorch all the growth back into the sand.

Please turn to page 45

Beauty in brief:

EYE GLAMOR

By CAROLYN EARLE

● Eyelashes and eyebrows tend to grow brittle and scanty after exposure to sun and wind; when that happens a session of regular care is indicated.

TO thicken brows and lashes and give them lustre, massage them gently every night at bedtime with a speck of oil or face-cream.

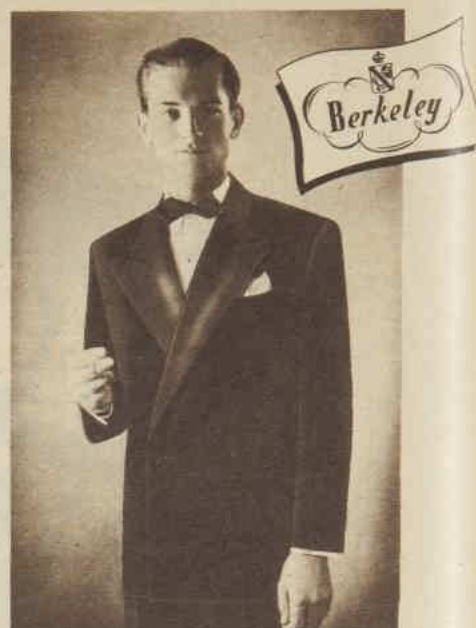
You may use a soft little brush or just fingertips to do the job, being sure to place oil or cream as near as possible to the roots of eyelashes, without getting it into the eyes.

Smooth lashes along their length; first go over brows quickly against the way they grow, and then coax them in the proper direction to polish them and correct stiffness.

Most people use mascara to darken sandy lashes and brows.

Application of mascara is made easy by using the thinnest possible solution of mascara on a very wet, clean brush.

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5A-10

"Look, Mum! I can walk again!"



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M The Red Centre

Continued from page 44

MARTIN turned his head and listened to the noise coming from beyond the partition. Somebody was practicing voice scales, and the high notes were torture.

After a while he shouted angrily, "Here, there! Shut up, will you?"

The results were instantaneous. The practice stopped immediately. Martin waited a moment, glaring at the communicating door, then rearranged his stiff body and shut his eyes. But a minute later he opened them again, conscious of being watched.

There was a girl standing in the doorway, looking both guilty and concerned. She was young and she was lovely, and Martin suddenly regretted his display of temper. He struggled erect, prepared to apologise when she stood aside for a conductor.

The conductor glanced curiously at them, opened a panel and started the conditioning plant. Then he spoke to Martin.

"Did you sleep all right, Mr. Stewart?"

Martin said, "Fine," wryly, and looked at the girl. The conductor spoke to her.

"Mr. Stewart," he explained, "will be sharing your father's compartment, Miss Storey."

Then, having managed to

effect, adequately enough as it proved, an introduction, he passed on into the dining-car, shutting the door behind him.

The girl's large, dark eyes were full of remorse. She hadn't stayed for any other reason but to express her regret. But he got in first.

"Please forgive me, Miss Storey," he begged. "I was a trifle rude."

He knew he looked very rough and uncouth sitting there in his desert-stained clothes and a week's beard on his face. To his surprise she sat down opposite.

"It was my fault, Mr. Stewart," she said. "I should have looked in here first. I'm dreadfully sorry I disturbed you."

They looked at each other and then suddenly they were both laughing. It was good to see the lights jump into her eyes and the corners of her mouth lift. He saw then, by the contrast with her white teeth, that her skin was deeply tanned as if she lived in the open.

Two waiters, bound from their bunks in the car at the end of the train to the diner, passed through. In the half light their white coats looked laundry fresh. They gave Martin and Miss Storey a quick, surprised look.

When they had gone, Martin said, "I ought to get out of here, I suppose." But he wanted to stay, although he knew he made a most unprepossessing picture.

"Father won't be awake yet," she said, "but not even my singing disturbs him, so there's no need to worry, Mr. Stewart."

He liked her friendly manner. It put him at ease, although he was conscious of his appearance. He would have been awkward with any other girl, but with her everything was all right.

She looked at his swag. It was lying across a chair like a body tied in a sack, and there were bulges where the specimens were sagging.

Perhaps she had seen such lumpy swags before, or perhaps she could add things up, for she presently remarked: "I think you and father will find a great deal of interest in common, Mr. Stewart. And he's been very bored."

He asked in some surprise: "What makes you think that?"

"It's because I've made up my mind you're a prospector, Mr. Stewart. Are you?"

"In a sense," he admitted.

"Is Mr. Storey a prospector?"

"You might call him that. But he's not really a professional, although he did very well at geology at school."

He wasn't sure he wanted a bored amateur geologist for company for the rest of the journey, although he was beginning to feel that he would be prepared to put up with a lot if it gave him certain advantages where she was concerned. Then he caught the amused look in her eyes and was suspicious.

"All right," he said. "Let's have the rest. You're holding out on me."

"Father won't like this," she laughed. "He thinks he's practically world famous."

He frowned and repeated "Storey" softly. Then his brow cleared and he looked very respectful.

"Of course, Professor Storey. Am I right?"

She nodded, still laughing.

That made him the irritating pygmy and the professor the patronising giant. Still he was by no means cast down by the alteration in his status. Professor Storey was a top man in the scientific world and had even been associated with atomic experiments.

He said respectfully: "Of course I know all about Professor Storey." And he added, "But if he's bored, I'd better stay here."

"Not if you've got a collection of ore specimens, Mr. Stewart."

The Family Scrapbook

By DR. ERNEST G. OSBORNE

THE feeling on the part of youngsters that they must have been adopted is more common than we think. Why should a 13-year-old look at her parents and think, "They can't really be my father and mother," or another youngster feel that she must have come from noble lineage?

There is no simple or uniform answer. Early adolescence is a time of dreaming, of thinking great thoughts, of aspirations and ambition.

When the dreamer looks at his everyday parents, it is hard to think that they could have given birth to him. Perhaps there has been some injustice felt, a lack of understanding or unfair discipline used.

"How," the aggrieved youngster asks himself, "could they do this to me if I were really their child? I must have been adopted."

And I think you have." She glanced at the bulges in the swag. "Father would smell them out, anyway."

"Fossils," Martin said dubiously. "He's not likely to blow a fuse over fossils."

"He'll certainly want to look at them." She studied him with fresh interest. "So you're a geologist, Mr. Stewart. I was only off the beat a little bit."

"It was a good guess."

"Father's been prospecting, himself. We've been along the north-west coast. That's where you want to go one day, Mr. Stewart. You get color up there, the colors of the rainbow and some that aren't in rainbows. Have you ever figured out how many colors minerals provide?"

"I suppose I should know—"

They were going along with the smoothness of ball-bearings now. He had never met any girl so easy to get on with. She was not only attractive, but unusual, he decided—fascinating, just as this whole strange, intriguing region was.

"There's gold and silver," she was saying. "There's copper, that's green. There's tin, that's black. Asbestos, which comes both blue and white; mica—like sequins, silver? There's beryl, or red oxide, the wonder tantalite—uh—I've forgotten the color of tantalite."

She gave him a quick look. "And there is the yellow and green of uranium in the form of oxide."

He grinned. "You're not drawing a rainbow now, Miss Storey," he said, "but the long bow. Uranium."

"Did you find any colors like that?"

He shook his head and laughed. "Only place I know where they're getting uranium is at Mount Painter, in South Australia."

"People will be looking for it everywhere now," she said. "They'll be shaking the dust off mining text books in every library. Apparently you haven't heard about it, Mr. Stewart, but the Commonwealth Government is offering up to £25,000 as a reward for the finding of a reasonable deposit."

Martin looked interested.

"That's a lot of money."

"They announced it yesterday," Miss Storey said. She smiled at Martin teasingly. "Aren't you sorry you didn't make a search?"

He shrugged. He had his university job and he was satisfied. He looked out of a window.

Please turn to page 47



it's a dream ... it's
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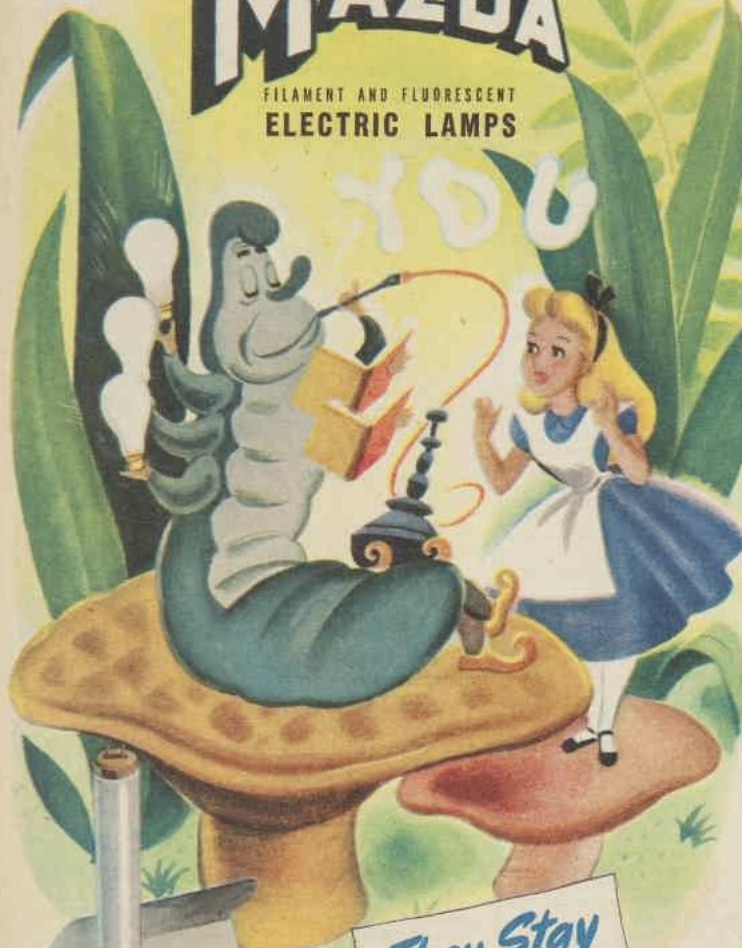


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by ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

**PERRY
MASON**

Famous lawyer Perry Mason, his secretary Della, and private detective Paul Drake are seeking the murderer of popular Pops O'Lean, who was shot to death near his filling station. Cricket, a waitress whom Perry met at the "Ship Ahoy" cafe, is run over. When she is found clutching Perry's name and address, Perry rings Della and the pair go to the cafe to investigate.



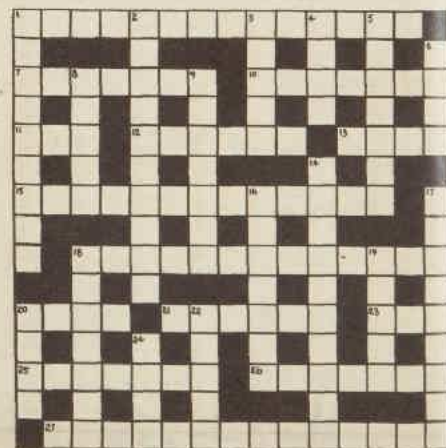
**THIS WEEK'S
CROSSWORD**

ACROSS

1. Girl's school walking two and two pulls to pieces this hypothetical crying (8, 5)
7. Improves about penalties (7)
10. German china of a medico with mixed needs (7)
11. Sheep which can ruin when turned (3)
12. No clims in these fruits (6)
13. Underground stem be in the beginning be at the end (4)
15. I tested diners (anagr., 13)
18. Headless persons sprinkle intellectual powers (7, 6)
20. Feet turned dull (4)
21. A drama is good material for a fleet of ships of war (6)
22. Poetical ground containing ale (3)
25. Famous church in Rome which hurried after proper time (7)
26. The first part of this suggest is under your hat and if you strike the second part you attain success (4, 3)
27. Exaggerate in a way which brought victory to the English at Cressy and Agincourt (4, 3, 4, 3)



Solution to last week's crossword.



Solution will be published next week

DOWN

1. Vehicle and mountain range is used as charge in guns (8)
2. A normal net (anagr., 10)
3. Sunk up the Cocos Island by Sydney (8)
4. Always starting by the first woman (4)
5. Credit a Communist with nothing for a start (7)
8. The whole is a boulder, three-fourths of it is a knave (4)
9. Tonic, so-fa, me-some, hides such reputations (13)
9. Out of debt yet can be sloven before tea (7)
14. Famishment though it contains vast ration (10)
16. Talk long and treasonously in good Australian slang (3, 4)
17. Desecrate Diana's shout to incite dogs (9)
18. Put in a waist turn about and splash (7)
19. Behold! in a very cold house (6)
20. Do the French relief for unemployed (4)
22. The Americans breed cattle there (3)
24. Worthy on the fore-part of a ship (4)

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - March 12, 1952

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WITH WINE VINEGAR
CASTLEBROOK STEW

Two pounds shin of beef, onions, salt and pepper, flour and water. Cut beef into pieces, dip in seasoned flour, put into saucepan and just cover with cold water to which has been added 1 tablespoon SEPPELTS WINE VINEGAR to each quart. Bring up 2 onions simmer 3 hours, cutting up 2 onions and adding them 2 hours after cooking begins.



You can still produce testful, interesting dishes and keep an eye on the important shillings. Seppelt's Wine Vinegar, made from a host of exciting dishes.

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Seppelt's
WINE VINEGAR



HOW YOU FEEL TOMORROW

depends
a lot
on
TODAY...



To be radiant, energetic and free from minor ailments which take the joy out of living you must avoid Constipation. If you want to enjoy perfect health the natural way take Beecham's Pills, the purely vegetable laxative, tonight. Then you'll be really fit and ready for work or play tomorrow.

TAKE
Beecham's Pills
THE PURELY
VEGETABLE LAXATIVE
TONIGHT

The Red Centre

Continued from page 45

BY now, the salt bush no longer looked grey and cold and there was color in the stones which lay scattered over the broad patches of desert between the stunted growth. There was warmth in the brighter light and the blue sky was rapidly hardening. It was time Martin started cleaning up.

He laid off his spine and stood up, and his joints felt as though they might start creaking like old wagon timbers. He reached down and swung his swag off the chair and grinned at Dawn.

"Just in case you might recognise me later," he said, "I will be wearing a white gardenia."

"If you'll open up father's suitcase," she said practically, "it'll be a white shirt. Just help yourself, Mr. Stewart."

His grin broadened. She was generous to a stranger. And frank. He liked both qualities.

He started rolling down the centre of the car. She called after him: "Car 1, Berth 18, Mr. Stewart. That's the end car."

"Okay," he called back. "Thanks."

There was a can of shaving water outside the compartment and he took it in with him. The professor was lying on his bunk, feet to the window, with a sheet pulled over his head. He was facing the wall.

Martin shut the door carefully, placed the can on the floor, and hefted his swag on to the top bunk, which was just as the previous occupant had left it.

Quietly, he set about opening the swag to get at his razor, but one of his fossils broke loose and dropped to the floor with a crash. He stood frozen.

But the noise didn't disturb the professor and he resumed his rummaging. He had nothing clean to put on, but he was content to settle with a shave and a shower, which was a proud amenity of the desert train.

He opened up the washbasin and the noise of the wheels came through and drummed in the small compartment. He took a quick glance at the professor, but still he didn't stir.

Martin poured some of the hot water into the washbasin and started to work up a lather on his chin. And while he did so he looked around. There was an open suitcase on the floor near the window and it would have been no bother to have borrowed a white shirt, for one had spilled out. Several other articles had spilled out, too.

The two closet doors were swinging loosely; one was marked "Upper Berth" and the other "Lower Berth." Martin looked into the one he temporarily owned; it was empty and he snapped the lock. He caught sight of a suit hanging in the other as he tidily snapped the lock of that one also.

A knock sounded on the door as he was shaving. When it opened, the conductor stood there with a cup of tea in his hand.

"So you found your way here," he said. "Like some tea, sir?"

Martin nodded, and the conductor placed the cup on the floor. He said, "Professor Storey don't take tea mornings. He sleeps on right through the breakfast gong if he's left alone. I have to wake him up."

"Try singing," Martin suggested. "That ought to fix him."

"This'll be his last morning," the conductor said. "To-morrow he'll have to be up or he'll be kicked out by the cleaners at Pirie." He backed out. "If there's anything you want, just buzz me, sir."

When Martin finished shaving he went along to the shower. When he returned he noticed Professor Storey had not moved his position. He finished dressing and stood looking out of the window.

There was red dust on the sill, which had infiltrated during the night. The sun was bright on the desert and in depressions where earth had been removed by railway and telegraph line gangs lay water.

MARTIN heard the engine whistle and presently saw a trolley pulled off along the track. A repair crew stood back to watch the train go past. Along the corridor a musical gong sounded, announcing breakfast. It did not disturb the professor.

Martin turned round and stood looking down at him. He hadn't met anybody who could lie so still and quiet for so long as Professor Storey.

He hadn't changed his position once and the white sheet which shrouded him hadn't even rippled. Martin was beginning to wish he would wake up so that he could meet him and talk.

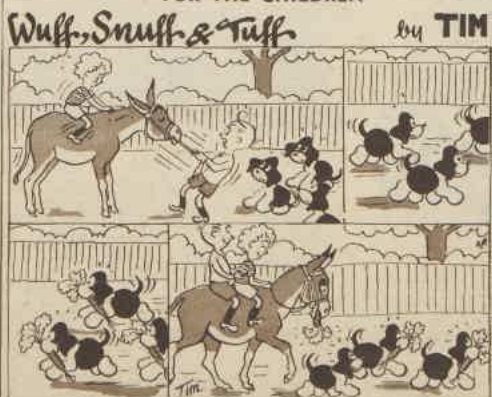
The waiter came back along the corridor, playing the gong. Martin was ready for breakfast and it would be something different from the bacon and johnny-cake Steve dished up. The thought made him move towards the door and he was off balance when the train hit a rough section of track and rolled.

He reached out to save himself falling, missed the ledge of the upper berth, and fell in on top of the professor. He clawed himself off hastily with a muttered apology.

And then he froze. He had dragged the sheet from the professor's face and the top part of his body. And what made him freeze was the sight of a knife protruding from the professor's chest.

To be continued

FOR THE CHILDREN



FOR VITAL GOOD HEALTH

TAKE

Clements TONIC

AND
EAT
BETTER



SLEEP
BETTER

FEEL
BETTER



GET A BOTTLE
TODAY
(FLAVOURED OR PLAIN)

FROM YOUR CHEMIST OR STORE

IT'S ACTIVATED!
FOR BRIGHTER-LIVING!

OLD DUTCH CLEANSER



- * CLEANS FASTER!
- * CLEANS EASIER!
- * TESTS PROVE IT!

IN THE
BIG
14 OZ. TIN

CHASES DIRT!



During Lent

-use cheese for nourishing main-

KRAFT CHEDDAR DEEP-DISH - a tempting cheese, spaghetti and tomato main-course dish.
 8 oz. spaghetti; 4 medium-sized tomatoes; 2 onions; 8 ozs. Kraft Cheddar, coarsely shredded; breadcrumbs; butter; pepper and salt. Cook spaghetti and chopped onions in boiling salted water about 15 minutes. Strain and stir in a piece of butter. Season with pepper, and salt. Line dish with cooked spaghetti, then add a layer of sliced tomatoes. Proceed until dish is filled, alternating spaghetti, Cheddar and tomatoes. Top with oven-baked breadcrumbs and shredded Cheddar, and dot with butter. Bake in a moderate oven. Trim with tomato slices and parsley sprigs. Six generous servings.

KRAFT CHEDDAR



It's so easy to make tasty, nourishing main-course dishes with Kraft Cheddar. Each golden, mellow slice melts so smoothly, cooks so evenly . . . and every mouthful has that true delicious Cheddar flavour. You can't cook the flavour out of this mellow processed cheese!

Kraft Cheddar is rich in the same energising proteins as meat. Plenty of the essential vitamins A, B₂ and D . . . and Kraft Cheddar gives you *eleven* times more calcium than cream! So, during Lent, serve your family plenty of nourishing, main-course meals made with Kraft Cheddar!

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course meals, suppers and snacks

NO RECIPE NEEDED TO GET THIS
RESULT . . .

Simply S-P-R-E-A-D Velveeta onto
toast and pop under the grill! Call it what you like—Toasted Velveeta, Supper Snack, or just plain Welsh Rarebit. Pretty it up with savoury suppers, or serve it solo. Any way at all, it's delicious, nutritious, and oh, so satisfying!

VELVEETA



Velveeta—Kraft's exciting new cheese food with the "rich-yet-mild" flavour—has a hundred daily uses! For tasty, nutritious sandwiches, snacks and suppers it's perfect. See how it S-P-R-E-A-D-S like butter under your knife! And remember—you don't need any butter at all with Velveeta! It's actually better without butter. Think of the money that saves you!



KRAFT SPREADS

— the perfect variety for LENTEN sandwiches, savouries and snacks.

KRAFT SANDWICH RELISH . . . Sweet, chopped gherkins in a delicate, spicy, creamy-smooth spread.
KRAFT GORGONZOLA . . . Here's the Gorgonzola he loves—at a price you can easily afford!
KRAFT CREAM CHEESE SPREAD . . . The finest cream cheese of all. Made with a flavour that's "different".

KRAFT CHEESE SPREAD . . . Mellow, full-bodied Cheddar in a smooth easy-to-spread form.
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**ALL MADE BY
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THE BIGGEST BREAKFAST BARGAIN

IN REAL

Goodness!



Just compare these big, luscious Kellogg's Corn Flakes with any other breakfast cereal for flavour and freshness! Here's all the "power" of corn—so toasty-tasty you'll want more-more-MORE!



HEARTY MEAL!

★ Nutrition experts say that one plate of Kellogg's Corn Flakes with milk and sugar plus fresh fruit and bread and butter (or toast) gives you one-third of your daily food needs.

**24 BIG
BREAKFASTS**
in every 16oz.
packet!

Wonderful value! And consider the money you save when you compare the cost of one serving of Kellogg's Corn Flakes with that of meat, eggs, fish and bacon, etc.

Only 30 seconds to serve
no grillers or pans to wash



Mother knows best!

Kellogg's

CF51-3



SAVORY MINCE PANCAKES served with baked tomato halves are an appetising dish for luncheon or a light dinner. See the main prize-winning recipe below.

Recipe prizes

Pancakes, filled with a savory mince, topped with cheese, and baked until sizzling, win this week's main prize of £5.

THE pancake batter may be used immediately if made with self-raising flour. If prepared with plain flour it should stand for one hour.

Time for cooking may be reduced by preparing the mince mixture in advance.

Consolation prize is awarded for a recipe for a delicious, warm-weather sweet, caramel peaches.

Readers can win cash prizes for their recipes, so enter your favorite recipe in our weekly cookery contest. Simple, practical recipes are a help to other homemakers.

Write clearly in ink on one side of the paper only. Put your name and address (including State) on each page and post to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. All spoon measurements are level.

SAVORY PANCAKES

Eight ounces self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 2 eggs, 2 cups milk, shortening, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese, parsley.

Savory Mince Filling: 1½ lb. mince steak, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 2 tablespoons chopped onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon mixed herbs, salt and pepper to taste, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, 2 tablespoons flour blended with extra water and a few drops of gravy browning.

Prepare mince first. Place steak, sauces, onion, herbs, salt, pepper, and water in saucepan. Bring to boil, simmer 30 minutes. Stir in

blended flour, cook further 5 minutes. Make pancake batter in usual way, using flour, salt, eggs, and milk. Melt 1 dessert-spoon shortening in pan, add sufficient batter to cover base of pan thinly. Cook over gentle heat until golden brown underneath. Turn or turn, brown other side. Pile savory mince along centre, roll up. Repeat, making 7 or 8 pancakes. Pack into greased ovenware dish, sprinkle with grated cheese, dot with shortening. Cook in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes until cheese is melted and sizzling. Serve garnished with parsley.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. M. Petters, 3 Moana, 88 Moray St., New Farm, Brisbane.

CARAMEL PEACHES

Five peaches, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint whipped sweetened cream or substitute, 1 cup brown sugar, 2 tablespoons milk, 1 tablespoon butter, chopped nuts.

Stand peaches in boiling water 2 minutes. Drop into cold water, rub gently with fingers and remove skin. Stand on flat plate to drain and cool. Carefully cut in halves; remove stones. Fill centres with whipped cream, join together, secure with cocktail sticks. Place brown sugar, milk, and butter in saucepan, stir until boiling, simmer 7 minutes. Beat until beginning to thicken, pour over peaches. When cold, remove cocktail sticks. Top each with swirl of cream, sprinkle with chopped nuts. Serve with or without ice-cream.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. J. Thomas, 11 Fowler Ave., Bexley North, N.S.W.



PEACH HALVES filled with cream and served with caramel sauce and a topping of nuts make a rich but simple sweet. The recipe is given on this page.

You can say 'yes' to Romance



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Tact
says 'no' to offending

Tact is Colgate's wonderful creamy, smooth cosmetic deodorant. Tact stops underarm odour instantly, checks perspiration effectively, is harmless to normal skin and fragile fabrics. Tact alone contains Duratex—Colgate's exclusive ingredient which makes Tact safer. Tact lasts from bath to bath.

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THE NEW COSMETIC DEODORANT
to safeguard your charm
IT'S HANDIER IN A TUBE



**HERE'S HELP
FOR A
PERSISTENT WORRY**

Constipation, forerunner of many troubles, affects people of all ages and walks of life and causes much annoyance and worry.

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These troubles are easily corrected by safe, gentle Pinkettes for all the family. Pinkettes are simple to take and do not have harsh after-effects which can be dangerous. Being compounded of harmless vegetable ingredients only, Pinkettes are the ideal laxative pills because they are not habit-forming and quickly, gently make you regular. At chemists and stores.

Three ways with a Sponge

● Simple sponge mixtures can be turned into glamor dishes by the addition of fruits (fresh or candied), nuts, cream, or meringue.

SPONGE cakes may be filled with cream or fruit-flavored fillings, or single layers may be topped with icing or cream and fruit.

They may also be used as the basis of a variety of delicious sweets. Here are hints to help you make the perfect sponge.

- Castor sugar makes a sponge with a fine texture—use it in preference to crystal sugar.
- Flour and any other dry ingredients should be sifted two or three times to ensure a light, even texture.
- It is a good idea to place a circle or square of greased paper in the bottom of each greased tin to prevent the sponge sticking.
- Heat oven carefully to moderate temperature. Once the sponge is in the oven do not open door for at least 10 minutes.
- Reverse sponges if necessary for last five minutes of cooking time, but do not attempt to move them until quite set.
- Cooked sponges shrink slightly from sides of tin, and are elastic to the touch.

All spoon measurements are level.

BASIC SPONGE

Three large eggs, good $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, 1 cup self-raising flour (or use plain flour sifted with 1 teaspoon cream of tartar and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon bicarbonate soda), 1 dessertspoon butter, 3 table-spoons milk.

Separate whites from yolks of eggs, beat whites stiffly with salt. Gradually add sugar and beat to meringue consistency. Add yolks, beat until well mixed. Fold in sifted dry ingredients, then lastly fold in butter melted in hot milk. Turn into 2 greased 7in. sandwich-tins. Bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. Allow to stand a minute or two before turning carefully out of tins.

yolk. Stir well, chill until ready to use. Fill into recess in cake, decorate with meringue made from egg-white and sugar. Lightly brown and set meringue in very slow oven, allow to become quite cold before serving decorated with cherries.

BASIC SWISS ROLL

Three eggs, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. self-raising flour (or use plain flour and 2 teaspoons baking powder or $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon bicarbonate soda and 1 teaspoon cream of tartar or phosphate raising ingredient), 2 tablespoons hot milk, jam, icing sugar.

Separate whites from yolks of eggs, beat whites stiffly with salt. Gradually add sugar and beat until sugar is dissolved. Fold in sifted dry ingredients, then hot milk. Pour into greased swiss roll tin (bottom lined with greased paper), bake 12 to 15 minutes in moderate oven. Turn quickly on to large piece of grease-proof paper lightly sprinkled with sugar or sifted icing sugar. Roll up, hold a minute or two, unroll and spread quickly with jam. Re-roll.

ALMOND CREAM ROLL

One quantity basic swiss roll mixture, strawberry jam, icing sugar, 1 egg-white, 1 tablespoon sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ pint cream, almond essence, almonds, cherries.

Cook roll as directed, spread with strawberry jam, re-roll. Dust lightly with sifted icing sugar, place on serving-dish. Beat egg-white stiffly, gradually add sugar, and beat until dissolved. Fold into lightly whipped cream, making a smooth thick mixture. Flavor with almond essence. Spread over roll with flexible knife blade or spatula; mark with prongs of fork if liked. Stick with lightly toasted almonds and cherries; keep in a cool place until required.

By Our Food and Cookery Experts

PEACH GATEAU

One layer basic sponge sandwich, 1 packet lemon jelly, sliced peaches, strawberries (optional) and whipped cream to decorate. Mix lemon jelly in usual way, set a thin layer in bottom of wetted sandwich-tin one size smaller than that used to cook the cake. Arrange a pattern of sliced peaches, well drained free of syrup. Add a little more jelly, allow to set. Add balance of jelly, chill until firm. Unmould on top of layer of sponge, decorate with strawberries and cream.

LEMON CREAM SPONGE

One quantity basic sponge mixture (flavored with 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind), $\frac{1}{4}$ tin sweetened condensed milk, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup lemon juice, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons sugar, cherries.

Cook 2-3rds of the sponge mixture in a greased recess tin, cook balance in a 6in. sandwich-tin. It may be used as a cake, or as the basis of a sweet. Prepare lemon cream. Mix condensed milk with lemon juice, lemon rind, and egg-

PEACH GATEAU (top) makes a delicious dinner sweet served with cream, ice-cream, or custard. A layer of sponge is topped with sliced peaches set in lemon jelly. Almond cream roll (centre), to be served either as a party cake or a sweet, and lemon cream sponge (below) are two other attractive dishes made from a basic sponge. Follow the hints given on this page for making a perfect sponge.



When...
Cupid starts to fire
his darts + + +



A ROMANTIC courtship, a lovely trousseau, a beautiful wedding and a wonderful honeymoon followed by a lifetime of happiness with her ideal man — these have been the dreams of girls throughout the ages.

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TEENAGE HAT



THIS delightful teenage hat is simple to make and can be teamed with winter suits or frocks. Trim it at the back with loops of velvet or a tailored bow.

Designed for teenagers, this little velvet hat is easy to make because it does not require a millinery block or any stiffening.

IN the diagram below, the sides of each square represent one inch. Draw the pattern on paper ruled with squares.

Materials: Five-eighths of a yard of velveteen, 36in. wide; 1yd. muslin for interfacing; 1yd. of leno or book muslin for interfacing brim; 1 1/2 yds. of velvet ribbon, 1-in. wide, in contrasting color; 1yd. of grosgrain ribbon, 1-in. wide, for headband; 4 sew-on diamantes.

Directions: From pattern A cut 12 pieces for the crown, 4 in velvet and 8 in muslin. From pattern B cut 5 pieces for the brim, 2 in velvet, 2 in muslin, and 1 in leno or book muslin (4in. seams are allowed all round).

For each interfacing crown section, baste two muslin sections together, with the edges even. Baste interfacing crown sections to wrong sides of velvet crown sections, with edges even.

Place two crown sections together with right sides of velvet facing each other, and edges even. Stitch a seam on one side, leaving seam allowance at point unstitched. Press the seam open. Join all crown sections together in this way.

Trim away muslin seam edges close to stitchings.

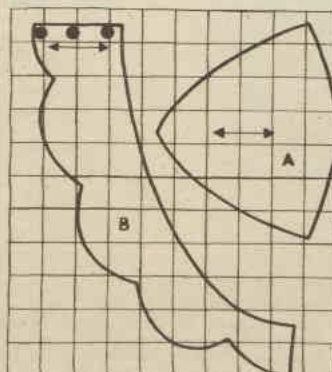
Baste a leno and muslin brim piece to each velvet brim piece, in the same way as for the crown sections. With right sides together, stitch back seam through all thicknesses. Stitch back seam of remaining velvet brim facing.

Baste brim and facing pieces right sides together, with seams and edges even. Stitch the seam at scalloped edge, trim and clip in at each point of scallops. Turn to right side and press well.

With right sides together and edges even, place raw edges of brim piece to lower edge of crown. Baste and stitch seam through all thicknesses.

Beginning in line with centre back, lap grosgrain ribbon 1/2in. over raw seam edges, round lower edge of crown. Turn in overlapping end at join, and sew inner headband edge in position with slip-stitching.

On right side of hat place velvet ribbon over seam of hat and brim, as in photograph. Attach invisibly. Arrange remaining ribbon into a treble loop trimming at centre back and stitch securely. Sew diamantes on side of hat, as in photograph.



IN THIS diagram 1 square equals 1 inch, and the spots mark the edge to be laid on the fold of fabric. The arrows mark the straight grain of fabric.

Quick!

Where's the quick-setting

Amami Wave Set

An unexpected date... and not much time to get ready. Be glamour-wise. Begin by combing a little Amami Wave Set into your hair, then pin in your curls. Quick to dry, quick to set, Amami Wave Set solves your last-minute beauty problem. Lovely to use—and absolutely greaseless. Leaves no dulling film.



Amami Shampoos

AMAMI SHAMPOOS—a beauty treatment for your hair! Amami's rich, foaming lather has a toning action which cleans your hair root-deep; stimulates it to new shining beauty; never, never dries the scalp. When Friday night is Amami night your hair is fresh, fragrant and lively—all ready for your Amami Wave Set.



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Silvo is the one polish you may use regularly without fear of damaging the fine silver surface.



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SKIRTS
SLACKS
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beautifully TAILORED!

NOT ALL LEADING STORES—Made by Gladstone Ltd., 40/42 Pitt St., Sydney.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—March 12, 1952

Warming Extra Blood Flow brings Quick relief from **STRAINED ACHING BACK**

The persistent dull ache of a strained back and the jabbing, agonising pains of lumbago are quickly relieved by Sloan's Liniment. Just pat it on. No rubbing, no massaging. Sloan's induces a comforting, pain-relieving warmth by stimulating the circulation. Pain is driven away in a few minutes.

Keep a bottle of Sloan's always handy. It's valuable for stopping the pain also of bruises, sprains, joint aches and fibrositis. Never be without Sloan's—the greatest protection against pains and aches in muscles and joints.



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FAMILY LINIMENT
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AT ALL CHEMISTS



FRUIT FLAVOUR



**HANSEN'S
JUNKET TABLETS**



Glad To Have Visitors —No More Dizzy Turns

It's easy to be the carefree hostess once those headaches and dizzy turns are stopped by the natural action of DOAN'S Backache Kidney Pills. Poor kidney action often causes headaches, dizzy turns, loss of energy, backache, rheumatism, puffiness under the eyes. If you suffer from any of these symptoms, don't delay; get DOAN'S today. At Chemists and Stores all over the World.

DOAN'S BACKACHE
KIDNEY
PILLS
Sole Proprietors: Foster-McClellan Co.
DPA/D/S

Useful buffet set

• This crocheted buffet set is a practical and decorative item for the home.

HERE are directions for making:—

Materials: 8 balls (20 gram) Coats Chain Mercer-Crochet No. 40, selected color; Milward's steel crochet hook No. 4 (slack workers could use a No. 4½ hook and tight workers a No. 3½).

Size of Motif: 4in. square.

Measurements: Centrepiece, 11in. x 19in.; square mat, 11in. x 11in.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; sl-st., slip-stitch; d.c., double crochet; tr., treble; dbl. tr., double treble; sp., space.

CENTREPIECE

First Motif: Commence with 10 ch., join with sl-st. to form a ring.

1st Row: 3 ch., into ring work 31 tr., 1 sl-st. into 3rd of 3 ch.

2nd Row: 1 d.c. into same place as last sl-st., * 10 ch., miss 7 tr., 1 d.c. into next tr.; rep. from *, ending with 10 ch., 1 sl-st. into first d.c.

3rd Row: 1 sl-st. into next ch., 1 sl-st. into loop, 4 ch., 9 dbl. tr. into same loop, * 5 ch., 10 dbl. tr. into next loop; rep. from *, ending with 5 ch., 1 sl-st. into 4th of 4 ch.

4th Row: 5 ch., 1 dbl. tr. into next dbl. tr., (1 ch., 1 dbl. tr. into next dbl. tr.) 8 times, * 3 ch., 1 d.c. into next loop, 3 ch., 1 dbl. tr. into next dbl. tr., (1 ch., 1 dbl. tr. into next dbl. tr.) 9 times; rep. from *, ending with 3 ch., 1 d.c. into next loop, 3 ch., 1 sl-st. into 4th of 5 ch.

5th Row: 1 d.c. into next sp., * (3 ch., 1 d.c. into next 1 ch. sp.) 8 times, 5 ch., 1 d.c. into next 1 ch. sp.; rep. from *, omitting 1 d.c. at end of last rep., 1 sl-st. into first d.c.

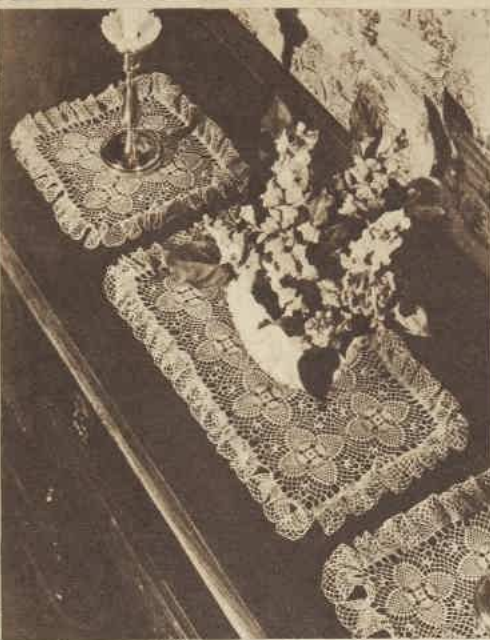
6th Row: 1 sl-st. into first ch., 1 d.c. into loop, * (3 ch., 1 d.c. into next loop) 7 times, 3 ch., 3 tr. into next 5 ch. sp., 3 ch., 1 d.c. into next loop; rep. from *, omitting 1 d.c. at end of last rep., 1 sl-st. into first d.c.

7th Row: 1 sl-st. into next ch., 1 d.c. into loop, * (3 ch., 1 d.c. into next loop) 6 times, 3 ch., 3 tr. into next sp., 7 ch., 3 tr. into next sp., 3 ch., 1 d.c. into next loop; rep. from *, omitting 1 d.c. at end of last rep., 1 sl-st. into first d.c.

8th Row: 1 sl-st. into next ch., 1 d.c. into loop, * (3 ch., 1 d.c. into next loop) 5 times, 3 ch., 3 tr. into next sp., 7 ch., 1 d.c. into next 7 ch. sp., 3 tr. into next 3 ch. sp., 3 ch., 1 d.c. into next loop; rep. from *, omitting 1 d.c. at end of last rep., 1 sl-st. into first d.c.

9th Row: 1 sl-st. into next ch., 1 d.c. into loop, * (3 ch., 1 d.c. into next loop) 4 times, 3 ch., 3 tr. into next 3 ch. sp., (7 ch., 1 d.c. into next 7 ch. loop) twice, 7 ch., 3 tr. into next 3 ch. sp., 3 ch., 1 d.c. into next loop; rep. from *, omitting 1 d.c. at end of last rep., 1 sl-st. into first d.c.

10th Row: 1 sl-st. into next ch., 1 d.c. into loop, * (3 ch., 1 d.c. into next loop) 3 times, 3 ch., 3 tr. into next 3 ch. sp., 7 ch., 1 d.c. into next loop,



CROCHETED BUFFET SET finished with a pretty ruffle edge would also make an effective dressing-table set.

5 ch., 3 dbl. tr. into next loop, leaving the last loop of each on hook, thread over, and draw through all loops on hook (a cluster made), (5 ch., 1 cluster into same loop) twice, 5 ch., 1 d.c. into next loop, 7 ch., 3 tr. into next sp., 3 ch., 1 d.c. into next 3 ch. loop; rep. from *, omitting 1 d.c. at end of last rep., 1 sl-st. into first d.c.

11th Row: 1 sl-st. into next ch., 1 d.c. into loop, * (3 ch., 1 d.c. into next loop) twice, 3 ch., 3 tr. into next sp., (7 ch., 1 d.c. into next loop) 3 times, 11 ch., 1 d.c. into next loop, (7 ch., 1 d.c. into next loop) twice, 7 ch., 3 tr. into next 3 ch. sp., 3 ch., 1 d.c. into next loop; rep. from *, omitting 1 d.c. at end of last rep., 1 sl-st. into first d.c.

12th Row: 1 sl-st. into next ch., 1 d.c. into loop, * 3 ch., 1 d.c. into next loop, 3 ch., 3 tr. into next sp., (7 ch., 1 d.c. into next loop) 3 times, 2 d.c. into same loop as last d.c., 3 d.c. into next loop, 3 ch., 3 d.c. into same loop, 5 ch., into same loop work 3 d.c., 3 ch., 3 d.c., 3 d.c. into next loop, (7 ch., 1 d.c. into next loop) twice, 7 ch., 3 tr. into next sp., 3 ch., 1 d.c. into next loop; rep. from *, ending with 3 tr., 1 tr. into first d.c.

13th Row: 1 d.c. into sp. just formed by last tr., * 5 ch., miss next 3 ch. loop, 1 d.c. into next 3 ch. sp., (7 ch., 1 d.c. into next loop) 3 times, 7 ch., 1 d.c. into next 3 ch. loop, 7 ch., 1

d.c. into next 5 ch. loop, 7 ch., 1 d.c. into next 3 ch. loop, (7 ch., 1 d.c. into next loop) 3 times, 7 ch., 1 d.c. into next 3 ch. sp.; rep. from *, omitting 1 d.c. at end of last rep., 1 sl-st. into first d.c. Fasten off.

Second Motif: Work as for first motif until 12th row is completed.

13th Row: 1 d.c. into loop just formed by last tr., 5 ch., miss next 3 ch. loop, 1 d.c. into next sp., (7 ch., 1 d.c. into next loop) 3 times, 7 ch., 1 d.c. into next 3 ch. loop, 7 ch., 1 d.c. into next 5 ch. loop, 3 ch., 1 sl-st. corresponding loop of first motif, 3 ch., 1 d.c. into next 3 ch. loop of second motif, (3 ch., 1 sl-st. into next loop of first motif, 3 ch., 1 d.c. into next loop of second motif) 4 times, 2 ch., 1 sl-st. into 5 ch. loop of first motif, 2 ch., miss next 3 ch. loop of second motif, 1 d.c. into next 3 ch. sp. and complete motif as before, joining next 5 loops in the same way.

Make 2 rows of 4 motifs, joining adjacent sides as second motif was joined to first.

RUFFLE

1st Row: Attach thread to first 7 ch. loop on side of corner motif, 4 ch., 1 dbl. tr. into same loop, * 5 ch., 2 dbl. tr. into next loop; rep. from *, making 2 dbl. tr. 5 ch. and 2 dbl. tr. into each corner loop and ending with 5 ch., 1 sl-st. into tr. of starting ch.

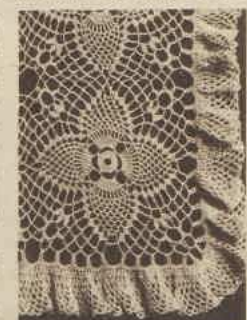
2nd Row: 1 d.c. into same place as sl-st., 1 d.c. into next dbl. tr., * 3 d.c. into next sp., 1 d.c. into next 2 dbl. tr.; rep. from * all round, join.

3rd Row: 1 d.c. into same place as sl-st., * 5 ch., 1 d.c. into next loop; rep. from *, ending with 1 tr. into first d.c.

4th to 10th Row: * 5 ch., 1 d.c. into next loop; rep. from *, ending with 1 tr. into first d.c. Fasten off.

SQUARE MAT (make 2)

Make 2 rows of 2 motifs, joining motifs as before. Complete as for centrepiece. Damp and press.



MOTIFS of the set are joined with a lace pattern and bordered with a ruffle.

See what happens

when you drop a Disprin tablet into water. It does not merely disintegrate, it dissolves—
Note that: IT DISSOLVES.



Now, because Disprin enters the stomach in a true solution and not as a suspension of almost insoluble acid particles, it is more rapidly absorbed by the system.

And being far less acid, it is unlikely to cause discomfort of any kind.

The best way to take Disprin is in water, though its soothing, pain-relieving effect will be the same whichever way you take it. Disprin is recommended for all those conditions in which ordinary aspirin would have been taken.

DISPRIN

TO RELIEVE PAIN

Obtainable only from chemists

Tommy Sailed too



English blueblood Tommy is an Arab pony, now the pride of a Melbourne riding school. Sooner than leave him behind to mope, Mr. and Mrs. Street, his owners, shipped him out—at considerable expense! "But he's worth it," says Mrs. Street. "He's so gentle, and completely trustworthy, even with my youngest pupils." Running a riding school involves long hours in all weathers. "And Melbourne," admits Mrs. Street, "can be as cold as England. So, right after early-morning stables, and any time during the day when I feel chilly, I drink a cup of hot Bonox. I find Bonox a splendid pick-me-up." Bonox is the beverage to keep your head above the 'flu line... it's all beef. Eat and drink Bonox every day—to give you a 1-1-f-t!

ASTHMA COUGHS STOPPED WHILE YOU SLEEP

Don't let coughing, wheezing attacks of Asthma and Bronchitis poison your system, sap your energy, ruin your health, and weaken your heart! Mendaco, a new American scientific medicine, starts immediately to circulate through the blood, quickly curbing the attacks. The very first day the thick phlegm is dissolved, giving free, easy breathing and letting you sleep the night through in comfort. Get Mendaco from your chemist or store to-day under positive guarantee to stop your Asthma coughing and to give you free, easy breathing the first day or money back.

You must read...

BEGIN, MURDERER!

by
DESMOND CORY

CORY'S THRILLERS
hold the reader tense with excitement!

SHAKESPEARE HEAD PRESS
Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide.

POTTER'S
Lullaby

**IS BACK
AGAIN**

**Big News for
little people ...**
Wonderful News for YOU!



Really wonderful news for mothers. Those years of waiting are over... once again supplies aplenty of lovely Lullaby, the wonder flannelette for sleep-dressing cuddly kiddies. Lovely Lullaby with its designs as gay as gaiety itself... cosy Lullaby to nestle fairy-soft against chubby limbs... wonder-wearing Lullaby that washes and washes, yet stays soft, fresh and lovely to look at. Lullaby for everyone... tots, teenagers and grown-ups with the love of really cosy comfort. Ask for Lullaby today!

Lullaby

**THE FINEST YET
IN FLANNELETTE**



MANDRAKE: Master magician,
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian
servant, and the beautiful
PRINCESS NARDA: Set out to
solve the mystery of the big
trees growing in a gigantic
African forest. According to
the natives, no one who enters
the forest ever comes out

alive. In the forest, Narda is
chased by a leopard which is
suddenly enveloped in a net
and drawn up into a tree. She
and Lothar are also caught
and Mandrake is left with a
giant boulder, which he
thinks may be a counter-
weight. **NOW READ ON:**



**MANDRAKE SEARCHES CAREFULLY
THROUGH THE FOREST. VINES
HANG EVERYWHERE--AT LAST
HE FINDS WHAT HE IS
SEEKING. A NET,
CAREFULLY HIDDEN
WITH LEAVES AND
TWIGS--**



**EXPERIMENTING, HE FINDS A HEAVY
LOG AND THROWS IT ONTO THE
HIDDEN NET--**



**THE NET SNAPS THE LOG
UP INTO THE AIR. "JUST AS
WE SET LOBSTER TRAPS
IN THE SEA--SOMETHING
UP THERE SETS THESE TRAPS
-- TO CATCH ANIMALS--
OR MEN? WHAT CAN IT BE?
WHAT'S HAPPENED TO
NARDA--AND LOTHAR?"**



**"NARDA! LOTHAR!" CALLS
MANDRAKE, AND HIS VOICE
RINGS THROUGH THE SILENT
WOODS. NO ANSWER. "THEY
MUST BE UP THERE!" HE
THINKS FRANTICALLY...**



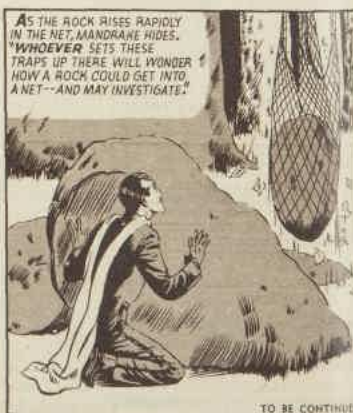
**"I'VE GOT TO GET UP THERE! NO WAY TO CLIMB THIS GIANT.
IT'S AS WIDE AS A HOUSE! I'LL LOOK AROUND--MAYBE I'LL
FIND SOMETHING--"**



**AS HE WALKS, HE HEARS THE SUDDEN CRIES
OF ANIMALS AS TRAPS SPRING-- THEN
THE EARTH-SHAKING THUD AS A HEAVY
STONE COUNTERWEIGHT HITS THE
GROUND! "WHAT A WEIRD PLACE!"
HE THINKS--**



**SEEING ANOTHER CAMOUFLAGED NET, MANDRAKE DECIDES
TO EXPERIMENT. HE PUSHES A BOULDER ONTO IT...**



**AS THE ROCK RISES RAPIDLY
IN THE NET, MANDRAKE HIDES.
"WHOEVER SETS THESE
TRAPS UP THERE WILL WONDER
HOW A ROCK COULD GET INTO
A NET--AND MAY INVESTIGATE!"**

TO BE CONTINUED



NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 193.—WAIST APRON

A pretty design with a frilly trim cut out ready to make. The material is a floral summer breeze cotton. The color choice includes blue, red, and aqua, all printed on a white ground. Size, medium. Price, 8/11. Postage, 10d. extra.

No. 195.—THROW-OVER

The cloth is clearly traced ready to embroider on white organdie. Size, 36in. by 36in. The narrow lace edging is not supplied. Price, 8/3. Postage, 9d. extra.

No. 194.—BIB APRON

An attractively styled apron obtainable cut out ready to make. The material is a zig-zag striped dimity cotton. The color choice includes pink, yellow, green, and blue stripes, all printed on a white ground. Size, medium. Price, 12/3. Postage and registration, 1/4 extra.

No. 197.—TABLE CENTRE

The mat is clearly traced ready to embroider on cream Irish linen and on sheer linen in white, blue, green, and pink. Size, 11in. x 17in. Price, linen 5/9, cotton 3/9. Postage, 9d. extra.

No. 196.—BABY'S FROCK

The frock is cut out ready to make in white muslin or white crepe-de-chine. Size infants to 6 months. Price, muslin 13/9, crepe-de-chine 18/11. Postage and registration, 1/4 extra.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 6/11 sent by registered post.

F6778

F6781

F6779

F6780

F6731

Fashion PATTERNS

F6803.—Pinafore-styled apron. Size, medium. Requires 1½ yds. 36in. material and 4½ yds. bias-binding. Price, 2/6.

F6779.—Nightgown styled with a gracefully full skirt and moulded bodice top. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 2½ yds. 36in. material, ½ yd. 36in. lace, ½ yd. 36in. net, 8 yds. ¼ in. satin ribbon, 2 yds. 1½ in. lace insertion, 8 yds. ¼ in. satin ribbon. Price, 4/6.

F6780.—Autumn-into-winter suit has slim-waisted jacket and straight skirt. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3½ yds. 54in. material. Price, 3/6.

F6731.—Matron's frock designed for the larger figure. Sizes 38in. to 44in. bust. Requires 3½ yds. 54in. material. Price, 3/6.

F6781.—One-piece dress with batwing sleeves and flattering skirt fullness. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3½ yds. 54in. material. Prices, 3/6.

PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS

F6778.—Beginners' pattern for a small boy's coat. Sizes: 18in., 19in., 20in., and 23in. for 2, 3, 4, and 5-6 years. Requires 1½ yds. 54in. material. Special price, 2/-.



The New Season's Range of **HOLYROOD** JERSEYWEAR & KNITWEAR

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PECK'S
8 palate pleasing
PASTES

A little PECK'S goes such a long way!

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Are you embarrassed by too frequent elimination during the day and night? These symptoms, as well as Bladder Irritation, Backache, Swollen Ankles, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Dizziness, Lumbago, Broken Sleep, Circles Under Eyes, are usually due to germ-caused kidney and bladder troubles. The first dose of Cystex, the new scientific medicine, goes right to work overcoming troubles in 3 ways: 1. Kills germs causing trouble. 2. Gets rid of poisonous acids. 3. Strengthens and reinvigorates kidney and bladder. Get Cystex from chemist to-day under guarantee: satisfaction or money back.

Tired and run down?

Sanitarium

Gluten Meal

Get a "W" with this vital food product! Non-fattening! Easily digested! All grains.

"Kensitas - that's Good!"

She dances in the spotlight
Where many stars have stood,
And afterwards she chooses
A Kensitas—that's good!
(Kensitas—that's good Virginia tobacco)

He knows, like other smokers
All round the neighbourhood,
The cigarette that rings the bell
Is Kensitas—that's good!
(Kensitas taste better)



His handicap is seven,
He's wizard with a wood,
His partner at the nineteenth
Is Kensitas—that's good!
(The best tobacco is bought for Kensitas)



MELLOW, GOOD-TASTING FOR GOOD SMOKING

KENSITAS — THAT'S GOOD VIRGINIA TOBACCO